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[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

Voyage of Columbus to Iceland in 1477.—[Nor-disk Tidsskrift for Oldkyndighed, &c.] Copenhagen. Dublin, Hodges & Smith.

In giving an account, in a former number, of Finn Magnusen's valuable paper on the English trade with Iceland, we purposely abstained from all reference to that part of it which relates to Columbus's voyage to the North. We mean, however, now to lay before our readers the Professor's conjectures and arguments respecting that voyage, as well as those of Capt. Zahrtmann, on the alleged voyages and adventures of the Zeni, the subjects being in some measure intimately connected.

The fact of Columbus having made a voyage to the North, cannot be called in question, for it rests on his own authority, as given by his son, Fernando, in a history of his father's life and discoveries, composed from his journals and letters, and the archives of the family. Fernando wrote this work in Spanish, but it was translated, while in MS., into Italian, by Alfonso Ulloa, from whose translation the present Spanish editions have been re-translated; so that the first edition of Ulloa's work, printed at Venice in 1571, may be considered as the original. In page 9 of this edition, there is a passage, in which Fernando, speaking of his father's early life, says,—

"I navigated, in 1477, in the month of February, 100 leagues beyond the island of Thule, the southern part of which is distant from the equator 73 degrees, and not 63, as some will have it; neither does it lie within the line that includes the west of Ptolemy, but is much more westerly. And to this island, which is as large as England, the English go with their merchandise, especially those from Bristol. And at the time I went there, the sea was not frozen, though the tides were so great, that in some places they rose 26 braccia, and fell as many. The truth is, that the Thule which Ptolemy makes mention of lies where he says, and this by the moderns is called Frisland."

We have thought it advisable to make a literal translation of this passage from the original edition, as it has been inaccurately given by Washington Irving in his Life of Columbus, i. 69, as well as in a translation of Don Fernando's work, printed in 'A Collection of Voyages and Travels,' 6 vols. folio, Lond. Churchill, 1732.' In this translation, the extract from the memoir of Columbus begins thus:—"In February 1467, I sailed myself 100 leagues beyond Thule *Iceland*," &c., the word *Iceland* being probably a substitution for the Italian *isola* (island); and the last sentence, thus rendered—"The truth is, that the Thule Ptolemy speaks of lies where he says, and this by the moderns is called Frisland," is given as a remark of Don Fernando's, whereas, in Ulloa's original edition, it evidently forms part of the extract from Columbus's Memoir. The date, 1467, is probably a typographical error. Washington Irving omits the last sentence altogether; and both he and the translator in the collection, render *braccia* by *fathoms*,—thus making Columbus talk of tides rising 156 feet, instead of 50; for an Italian *braccio* was at no period equal to more than two English feet, and generally less. The present Venetian *braccio* is about 23 English inches.

It has been the subject of much discussion among geographers, what island was intended by Columbus when he speaks of Friesland. The name was first given to an island situated, or supposed to be situated, in the Northern Ocean, and visited, or professedly visited, by two Venetian patricians, Nicolò and Antonio Zeno, in the latter part of the fourteenth century. The account, however, of the voyages and adventures of the two brothers, together with the map, said to have been constructed by Antonio in 1380, was not published till 1558, almost two centuries after the events recorded are alleged to have taken place. The voyages of the Zeni were generally considered as fabulous, but in 1784 Forster attempted to prove their authenticity; and in 1808, this task was executed more fully by Cardinal Zurla, since which the more eminent geographers have inclined to the opinion that the Zeni did visit the northern seas, although the identity of their Frisland with any known country is still the subject of controversy. Capt. Zahrtmann,* however, differs from the received opinion; and for reasons which, if not conclusive, appear to be well worthy of consideration.

Cardinal Zurla attempts to prove the existence of Frisland, by the testimony of navigators who are supposed to have seen it;—namely, the Icelanders, in 1285; John Sciolvus, a Pole, in 1476; Columbus in 1477; Frobisher in 1578, and Maldonado in 1588. Now, in respect to the Icelanders, King Erik, the priest-hater, it is true, sent out an expedition from Norway, in 1285, on a voyage of discovery in the western ocean, but it returned without having seen land. As to the voyage of Sciolvus, the only authority we have is that of Wytfliet, who merely says, that in 1476 he sailed "to the other side of Norway, Greenland, and Frisland, and after he was driven in the Fretum Boreale, under the Polar circle, he was carried to Labrador and Estotilandia." In this there is as little proof of Sciolvus having seen Frisland as Norway. Frobisher, it is now known, in consequence of the reliance he placed on the narrative and the map of the Venetians, mistook Cape Farewell for an island, and Zeno's Frisland and the coast of Labrador for the eastern coast of Greenland, and actually sailed past and saw the country he was in search of, without being aware of it: and as Maldonado's voyage is known to be fabulous, Columbus is the only authority that remains to be examined.

Although the Frisland of Columbus does not at all correspond with that of the Zeni, Zurla attempts, nevertheless, to prove their identity, resting his arguments chiefly on the trade which he supposes was carried on by the English to this imaginary island,—the learned Cardinal contending that in the fifteenth century we had no commercial relations whatever with Iceland, an assertion which Professor Magnusen has very ably refuted, as was shown in a late number of this paper [p. 595].

Capt. Zahrtmann also furnishes several further proofs of this trade, and, among other documents, refers to a curious old piece of poetry, entitled 'A Libel of English Policie, exhorting all England to keepe the sea, and namely the narrowe sea: shewing what profiteth cometh thereof, and

* Capt. Zahrtmann's remarks have been translated and published in the Journal of the Geographical Society, v. 5, p. 102.

also what worship and salvation to England, and to all English-men.' This poetry, which is inserted in the first volume of Hakluyt's collection, gives a detailed account of our commercial relations at the period when it was written, which must have been towards the middle of the fifteenth century. The old rhymster, in his 10th chapter, headed 'Of the commodious Stock-fish of Island,' says—

Of Island to write is little nede,
Save of stockfis; yet forsooth indeed
Out of Brystowe, and costes many one,
Men haue practised by helle and by stome
Thider wades within a litle white,
Within twelve yere, and without perill
Gone and come, as men were wont of old
Of Scarborou unto the costes cold.
And nowe so fele shippes this yere there ware,
That moch losse for unfreyght they bare;
Island might not make hem to be fraught
Unto the Hawys: thus much harme they caught.

The writer of these doggerels appears to have been a true patriot, and duly impressed with the importance of our maintaining a maritime supremacy at any price.

Cherish marchandise, keepe the admiraltie,
That we be masters of the narrowe see—
says he in his prologue, which he concludes as follows:—

Shall any Prince, what so he his name,
Whiche hath Nobles moch leche ours,
Bee Lord of see: and Flemings to our blame,
Stop us, take us, and so make fado the flowers
Of English state, and disteyne our honours:
For cowardice alas it shold so bee,
Therefore I ginne to write nowe of the see.

We need not, however, adduce further proofs that a trade was carried on between England and Iceland, than were given in our former paper, which must have convinced the most incredulous. Proof, too, was given that it was carried on, as stated by Columbus in regard to his Friesland, by the merchants of Bristol. It is, therefore, more than probable that the island to which he sailed, was no other than the modern Iceland. As the Italians of the fifteenth century were totally unacquainted with the northern languages, it is also probable that the Frisland of the Zeni may, according to Capt. Zahrtmann, have been a corruption of Færöaland, Farrisland, Ferris islands, names by which the Færö Isles were known to the Danes and English of the middle ages. Columbus's Frisland may have originated in a similar error; for, as Professor Magnusen observes, the sailors of an English vessel engaged in the Icelandic trade, on being asked, "Where from," would have answered, according to the pronunciation of that period, "Fro' Island," which a person unacquainted with the language might easily have mistaken for Frisland. The error of ten degrees in the latitude, as of ten years in the English translation, is, probably, an error of the copyist. In corroboration of Columbus's remark, that when he was in Iceland [or Friesland], in the month of February, the sea was not frozen, Professor Magnusen cites an Icelandic legal document, drawn up in March that very year (1477), in which it is expressly stated, that no snow was at that time to be seen—"then was the earth snowless," a circumstance which shows that the winter must have been unusually mild, and at the same time proves, by a singular coincidence of time and place, the veracity of Columbus's narrative.

Under all circumstances, we think the reader will agree with us, that the fact of Columbus having visited Iceland can no longer be doubted. As he, moreover, says that he navigated 100

leagues beyond it, he also, probably, got sight of the coast of Greenland: be this as it may, the influence which his stay in Iceland had in leading to his subsequent discovery of America, is a fair subject of speculation. That the Scandinavians had discovered the American continent in the eleventh century, and given it the name of Vinland (Wineland), from the circumstance of wild vines growing on the spot where they landed, and that they afterwards visited it repeatedly, and were probably acquainted with the coast from Labrador to Virginia, are facts which are at present, in Denmark and Germany at least, universally admitted. The Northern Antiquarian Society promise shortly to publish a work on this interesting subject, which we make no doubt will prove these facts, as clearly as Professor Magnusen has shown the existence of our early trade with Iceland.

It is even possible that Columbus may have heard something respecting the Vinland of the Scandinavians previous to his arrival in England, as it is mentioned in the 'Libellus de situ Danie,' of Adam Bremensis, written in the eleventh century; but we do not think that vague accounts of this nature induced him to visit Iceland. His motives may more properly be ascribed to the great desire which he had of obtaining correct information on every subject connected with geographical and nautical science. Though we are ignorant how long he remained in the island, we may suppose his stay to have been sufficiently prolonged to have enabled him to receive a circumstantial account of these early expeditions to the western continent; and even allowing, for the sake of argument, that these narratives are fabulous, still, as they have been invariably regarded in Iceland as authentic, they would have been given to him as such, so that the question of their authenticity is but of secondary importance, when we merely consider the probable influence which they may have had on Columbus. This influence, according to Professor Magnusen, was very great.

It is, perhaps, worthy of remark [he says], that in 1477 Magnus Eiolfseus was bishop of Skalholt. This prelate had been, since 1470, abbot of Helgafell Convent, where the oldest accounts of Greenland and Vinland, and several other countries in America, had been written, and where, in all probability, they were carefully preserved; the most celebrated discoverers of those countries having emigrated from this very district. Bishop Magnus was, without doubt, thoroughly acquainted with these narratives, which, indeed, at that period (as in later times) were generally known in Iceland. That Columbus, who already, in 1474, meditated on a western voyage, should have made inquiries after such accounts, and obtained the desired information from the above-mentioned bishop, cannot be accounted altogether improbable. Columbus arrived in the southern part of the island, where Hválsvíðaréyri was at that period the most frequented harbour; and it is known that the bishop visited the churches of his diocese in the spring or summer.

He afterwards returns to the subject, and concludes by the following remarks:—

The English trade with Iceland certainly merits the consideration of historians, if it furnished Columbus with the occasion of visiting that island, there to be informed of the historical evidence respecting the existence of important islands, and a large continent in the west, (towards whose southern part a person, for example, might sail in a south-west direction from Iceland, and to which course Columbus's first American voyage actually corresponds). Respecting the voyages of the old Scandinavians to that country (in the eleventh century), voluminous written accounts existed in Iceland, which could not have escaped the ardent researches of Columbus, as he was himself in the land where the northern voyages of discovery in the western ocean (and Landnálf's from 1285 to 1290 as a later one) were not forgotten; and the Icelandic annals even testify that a Norsk, or Greenland trading vessel, which had made a voyage to

Markland (in America), was driven on its return into Strömfiord. If Columbus should have acquired a knowledge of the most important of these accounts, (and, perhaps, of many of those which, in so far as they have escaped destruction, can only now be first published,) in conversations held in Latin with the learned men of Iceland, we may the more readily conceive his firm belief in the possibility of re-discovering a western continent, and his unwearied zeal in putting his plans in execution. The discovery of America, so momentous in its results, may, therefore, be regarded as the mediate consequence of its previous discovery by the Scandinavians, which may thus be placed among the most important events of former ages. It has long been known that the fate of the world, and of mankind, frequently hangs on the finest threads, the direction of which it is often very difficult for historians to follow, though it is seldom that this direction should only first be clearly perceived after a lapse of three centuries. This, however, appears to me to have happened in the present case, as we have now, for the first time, a well-founded reason to suppose that the small and barren Iceland, not only produced the men who were the first discoverers of the New World, but that it also showed the immortal hero, whom it was long believed ought alone to enjoy that honour, the way by which he could prosecute and terminate the discovery in such a manner that through it the earth should assume a new form, and mankind, by degrees, though in a comparatively short period, go over, both in a material and intellectual point of view, to a different order of life, and a new state of existence.

Although we have a proper respect for the learning and erudition of Professor Magnusen, we cannot but believe that a pardonable love for his native island has here led him astray. If we even allow that Columbus held very learned conversations in Latin with the worthy bishop, and that this prelate gave him a detailed account of everything recorded in the annals of his country respecting the American continent, still we should be of opinion that the motives assigned by Don Fernando for his father's enterprise remain in full force. As this part of Don Fernando's work has been pretty accurately given by Washington Irving, it will be unnecessary for us to repeat the arguments he makes use of. We shall, therefore, only observe that Columbus laid it down as a fundamental truth, that the earth was a terraqueous globe, whose circumference he divided into twenty-four hours, of fifteen degrees each, sixteen of which were then known. As Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville had visited countries in Asia which lay far beyond the regions known to the ancients, Columbus very naturally supposed that these countries might extend so far east as to approach the western coasts of Europe and Africa, and thus, in a great measure, fill up the eight hours which still remained unexplored. We much question, however, whether an abstract love of science would ever have induced Columbus to direct a vessel across the Atlantic, had he not, at the same time, been thoroughly convinced that, by sailing due west from the Canaries, he would arrive at those rich countries, described in such glowing colours by Marco Polo, and not only acquire fame and reputation, but also unbounded wealth, and all the advantages which wealth in every age must necessarily command. We do not wish to disparage the merits of Columbus, but as the modern biographers of the celebrated navigator have, in general, only given us compilations of Don Fernando's history, they all rest on an authority which could not have been otherwise than partial.

There is one point, too, which we think has never yet been sufficiently considered,—that is, his correspondence with Paolo Toscanelli during his residence in Lisbon, about two years before his voyage to the north. His biographers, indeed, acknowledge that the letters and chart of the

Florentine contributed to strengthen Columbus in the design which he had previously conceived, of undertaking a voyage across the Atlantic; and Washington Irving, repeating the words of Don Fernando, says—"Columbus was greatly animated by the letter and chart of Toscanelli, who was considered one of the ablest cosmographers of the day." But if we be not mistaken, he was more than animated; indeed, we think it probable that his attention was first seriously directed to the subject by Toscanelli's letter to the canon Martinez, and the conviction which he thus acquired of the possibility of arriving at the countries described by Marco Polo, by sailing into the unknown Western Ocean, was afterwards strengthened by his own correspondence with the learned Florentine. Columbus, as is well known, sailed on his first voyage by the chart which Toscanelli had constructed for him. In this chart, the eastern shores of Asia were laid down in front of the western coasts of Europe and Africa, the islands of Aptilla, Cipango, &c. being placed in the intervening space, and the distance from Lisbon to Quisay, in the province of Mango, since determined to be a part of China, is calculated at 6500 miles, (not 4000, as Mr. Irving states). In his letter to the Portuguese canon, Toscanelli says,—"This country is as important as any which has been discovered; and not only a great profit may be made there, and many valuable things found, but also gold and silver, and precious stones, and all sorts of spices in great abundance, which are never brought into our ports." Speaking of Cipango, which is supposed to have been Japan, he says, "This island greatly abounds in gold, and pearls, and precious stones. And you must know that the temples and royal palaces are covered with plates of pure gold. So that on account of the way not being known, all these things lie hidden and concealed, and yet they may be gone to in safety." In his letter to Columbus, he tells him that he sees the great and noble desire which he has to go to those countries where the spices grow; and further on, remarks that the voyage is not only possible, but would also be productive of "inestimable profit and honour and great fame among all Christians."

It is evident that to any person in the situation of Columbus, the prospect of acquiring immense wealth must have been a great spur to exertion. When Professor Magnusen says, that if we suppose Columbus to have received information from the clergy of Iceland respecting the early Scandinavian expeditions to America, "we may the more readily conceive his firm belief in the possibility of re-discovering a western continent, and his increased zeal in putting his plans in execution," he labours, we think, under a double error. In the first place, Columbus never dreamt either of discovering or re-discovering a western continent; he merely attempted to reach, by sea, the same country that Marco Polo had visited by land, which, by the westerly course he invariably pursued, he would have reached had not America existed to bar his passage; though he was so little aware of this being a new world, that to the day of his death he imagined the West India islands and Terra Firme were but the easternmost parts of Asia. And as to his "unwearied exertions," we think they may be more justly ascribed to Toscanelli's letters than to any other cause; at all events, not to any possible information which he may have derived from the bishop of Skalholt. In fact, this reverend gentleman could, at the farthest, only have informed him that in the Northern Ocean, to the south-west of Greenland, there existed a wild, uncultivated country, thinly peopled by savages; that stunted vines had been found growing on its hills, and that its rivers and lakes abounded in excellent salmon; and,

moreover, what the bishop would have considered as the most important, that very good cod, which the Icelanders dried into stockfish, had been caught on its coast. But what effect would such information as this have had on the excited imagination of Columbus? What would he have cared about sour grapes and stockfish, when he beheld in long ideal perspective the glittering cupolas of Cipango, and the crowded ports of Cathay? He certainly would never have hoisted a sail or risked a maravedi to explore such a country as the Scandinavian Vinland. It was the civilized, populous, and wealthy dominions of the Great Khan, that he wanted to reach, and not a land overgrown with impenetrable forests, and peopled by wandering tribes of naked savages. Besides, if this supposed communication of the bishop had had any influence over him, he would have taken a north-west course on his first voyage, and probably have attempted to cross the Atlantic from some port in the west of Ireland, whereas he sailed, with little variation, due west from the Canaries to St. Salvador. The *amor patriæ* of Professor Magnusen has, in this instance, carried him too far; he ought to have been content with having established the fact of Columbus's voyage to Iceland, without attempting to deduce consequences from it at variance with the known sentiments and subsequent actions of the great navigator.

As we have before remarked, we have not the slightest doubt that the Scandinavians not only discovered the American continent in the eleventh century, but that they also established colonies there, which were afterwards suffered to decay. The discovery, however, had not the least influence on the destinies of the human race, whereas that of Columbus has, to use the words of Professor Magnusen, "given the earth a new form, and placed mankind in a different state of existence." It is, therefore, a mere waste of words to dispute about the priority of the discovery,—the honour of having withdrawn the mysterious veil which shrouded an unknown world, is, although he was not aware of it himself, alone due to Columbus. Whatever may have been the motive which induced him to undertake such a perilous enterprise,—whether a pure love of science, a mistaken zeal for religion, an ardent desire of glory, a boundless ambition, an insatiable longing after inexhaustible wealth, or a combination of all these exciting passions, this honour will remain undiminished; though, in strict justice, the person who first pointed out the way across the trackless waters of the west, ought also to have his share awarded to him. To Paolo Toscanelli is probably due the merit of being the first who clearly demonstrated the possibility of a voyage across the Atlantic,—to Columbus that of having happily executed it, in spite of the numerous difficulties which he had to contend with, and which were sufficient to have deterred a man of less ardent mind or less persevering temperament. If, however, in imitation of Professor Magnusen, we remount from effect to cause, we shall find that Toscanelli himself was first led to pay attention to the subject by the work of Marco Polo, so that the discovery of America may be regarded not as "the mediate consequence of its prior discovery by the Scandinavians," but as a final result of the celebrated Venetian's adventures in the East. Marco Polo first made Europe acquainted with China; Toscanelli afterwards pointed out the route to it by sea, and Columbus, in following this route, stumbled on America, and thus discovered the existence of a continent, of which neither he, nor Toscanelli, nor any one else in that age, if we except the vague knowledge which a few Scandinavians might have possessed of it, had the most distant idea.

The Tribute: a Collection of Miscellaneous Unpublished Poems, by various Authors.
Edited by Lord Northampton. Murray.

This volume, as we are informed in the preface, was "projected as early as spring, 1836, while the late Reverend Edward Smedley was still living, and its original object was to spare him the necessity for those arduous literary labours which at that time threatened his sight or his life. His hearing he had already lost, and a disorder in his eyes was to all appearance sappling a sense still more precious. Before many weeks had elapsed, these anticipations proved too well founded, and death relieved him from his sufferings, and deprived his family of an affectionate husband and father. For them the project was continued." The kind intentions of the editor, however, were not communicated to the family until a sufficient number of literary contributions had been received to ensure completion; and it was then found that Mrs. Smedley herself was about to publish, also by subscription, a volume of her husband's Poems, together with a Memoir of his Life. We sincerely wish success to both speculations; but, as Lord Northampton observes, whatever may be the pecuniary result of this publication, as a proof of respect for the memory of Mr. Smedley, it must be gratifying to his family. Of course, such a work is not a subject for criticism, and we shall allow it to speak for itself. Our first extract shall be

Stanzas

BY W. WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

The moon that sails along the sky
Moves with a happy destiny,
Oft is she hid from mortal eye
Or dimly seen;
But when the clouds asunder fly,
How bright her mien!
Not flagging when the winds all sleep,
Not hurried onward, when they sweep
The bosom of ethereal deep,
Not turned aside,
She knows an even course to keep,
Whate'er betide.
Perverse are we—a froward race;
Thousands, though rich in fortune's grace,
With cherished sullenness of pace
Their way pursue.
Ingrates, who wear a smile-less face
The whole year through.

If kindred humour e'er should make
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
From Fancy following in thy wake,
Bright Ship of Heaven,
A counter-impulse let me take
And be forgiven.

Our next is a fanciful little poem, much to our taste, by A. J. De Vere:—

Love and Sorrow.

Whenever bowers of myrtle
Love, summer-tressed and vernal-eyed,
At morn or eve is seen to wander,
A dark-eyed girl is at his side.
No eye beholds the Virgin gliding
Unsandalled through the thicket's glooms;
Yet some have marked her shadow moving
Like twilight o'er the whiter blooms.

A golden bow the Brother carries,
A silver flute the Sister bears:
And ever at the fatal moment
The notes and arrows fly in pairs.

She rests her flute upon her bosom,
(While up to heaven his bow he rears,)
And as her kisses make it tremble
That flute is moistened by her tears.

The lovely twain were born together,
And in the same shell cradle laid,
In the bosom of one Mother
Together slept, and sleeping played.

With hands into each other's woven,
And whispering lips that seemed to teach
Each other in their rosy motion
What still their favourites learn from each.

Proud of her boy, the Mother showed him
To mortal and immortal eye,
But hid, (because she loved her dearer,)
The deeper, sweeter Mystery.

Accept them both, or hope for neither,
Oh loveliest Youth, or Maid lovelorn,
For Grief has come when Love is welcome,
And Love will comfort those who mourn.

It is so rare a thing to meet with poems by Secretaries of State and Chancellors of the Exchequer, that we must give our readers a taste of their quality:—

On Revisiting Trinity College, Cambridge, after Twenty Years, Absence.

BY THE RIGHT HON. T. SPRING RICE.

Years have rolled on since first I passed these gates,
Yet each succeeding year I love thee more—
When I revisit thee, within my heart
Thoughts, images, emotions crowd.—The past
Awakens from its tomb, and present light
Blends with the future's dim uncertainty.
All that is best in life I here have known,
Love, Friendship, and Ambition, heavenly Hope
Lifting her seraph-eye to brighter worlds:—
And now the gushing founts of tenderness
Which spring perennial in a parent's heart.

They call to me are vocal. Many a sound
Of solemn warning and of stern reproof
Echoes beneath those arches. Time misused
And Opportunity for ever lost—
Powers misapplied,—these thoughts of deep remorse
All, all around me rise, like angry shades
Which haunt the midnight of some murderer.
Oh! had such thoughts flowed earlier o'er my mind
I should not now lament its barrenness.
Had they but roused me to some strenuous deeds,
In more enduring love for human kind,
Purging my soul from sloth and selfishness—
Had those whose bright examples might have taught
To scorn the earth, and humbly strive for heaven—
Had these but shed due influence, noble acts
Had sprung from noble thoughts—Duty and Joy,
Like two fair sisters with their arms entwined
And glances love returning, had led on,
Through deeds of manly usefulness below,
To the inheritance of brighter crowns.

But though the sun his mid-day height has passed,
Light yet remaineth while 'tis given to work—
Then let me not a vile and abject thing
Pass in a world of dreams my life away—
Or bubble-like float down the stream of life—
Or like an Autumn leaf circling aloft
Whirl in a useless orbit.—
The drowsy joys of indolent repose,
Or the unmeaning laugh of rapid mirth,
Accomplish not man's destiny.—'Tis his
To will—to do—to suffer—days of toil
And nights of watching—and to cast his lot—
To live for others—or to live in vain.

Before the Spirit to Betheda's pool
Gave healing power, the waters first were moved;
Could but such influence reach a worm like me,
And raise from torpor, life now life would gain,
And like the Eagle springing towards the Sun,
The soul, on angel-phoenix borne, would seek
Eternal Beauty—undecaying Truth,
Wisdom heaven-taught, and Virtue strong in Faith.

We now return to the commonality.

Lines

BY WILLIAM EMPSON, ESQ.

Bravo, Cuckoo, call again!
Loud and louder still!
From the hedge-partitioned plain
And the wood-topt hill.
With thine unmistak shout
Make the valley ring!
All the world is looking out,
But in vain, for spring.
I have search'd in every place,
Garden, grove and green:
Of her footprint not a trace
Is there to be seen.
Yet her servants without fail
Have observed their day,
Swallow, bat, and nightingale:—
And herself away!
Shout again! she knows thy call,
'Tis her muster-drum.
An she be on earth at all
She will hear and come.

Another pleasant contribution by the same writer is

Shakspeare.

Oh surely, Willie Shakspeare,

We are not parting too!

Yet now we meet not daily,

As we were wont to do.

For more than bome of my bone,

Heart of my very heart,

In all my schemes of pleasure

Thou once went art and part.

At night beneath my pillow,

In hand at every stroll,

Thy words like second nature

Came bounding o'er my soul.

But now—I scarce believe it—

Whole weeks may pass away;

And with thy boun companions

I shall not spend a day.

Like Hal I am reforming:

For a good month or more

That fat old Knight of Eastcheap

Has never crossed my door.

I have not foold Malvolio
To his fantastic walk,
Nor with the gipsy Rosalind
Devised a jeering talk:
Nor lent adventurous Portia
A Lawyer's gown and guiles:
Nor tangled wanton Antony
In Cleopatra's smiles:
Nor gone a gallant masquer
Unto Lord Capulet's ball,
And vaulted with young Montague
That midnight garden-wall.
When was it last, sweet Imogen,
We left for love our home?
And thou and I, brave Martinus,
Canvass'd the mob of Rome?
It seems an age, since, madding,
I wak'd forth with Lear,
Or stuck Titania's roses
In Bully Bottom's ear:
Or wo'd with saucy Benedict
A yet more saucy maid,
Or learn'd from hot Petruchio
To make myself obey'd:
Or sang with pretty Ariel
His blossom-waving song,
Or brooded with poor Hamlet
Over a father's wrong:
Avenged the world on Cesār,
Echo'd Othello's groan,
Or saw from Duncan's chamber
Macbeth steal out alone.
My darling Willie Shakespeare—
This coldness must not grow:
I love thee far too dearly
To think of parting so.
I've grasped the hand of Manhood,
In generous anguish, fast;
I've kiss'd the lip of woman,
And known it was her last:
I've watch'd what's worse than all this—
A friendship waste away,
And love believ'd immortal
Like vulgar loves decay.
No form of bitter trial,
Alas, is new to me:
So much the more twould cost me,
To say, farewell, to thee.

The Syren Songs by G. Darley are so linked together in sentiment and sweetness, that each would lose by being separated from the others: we must therefore pass on to a translation from the Persian, entitled

Mute Courtship.
BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.
Love hath a language of his own,—
A voice, that goes
From heart to heart,—whose mystic tone
Love only knows.
The lotus-flower, whose leaves I now
Kiss silently,
Far more than words will tell thee how
I worship thee.
The mirror, which to me I hold,—
Which, when impress'd
With thy bright looks, I turn and fold
To this fond breast,—
Does it not speak, beyond all spells
Of poet's art,
How deep thy hidden image dwells
In this hush'd heart?

But we must not forget the editor, though the volume itself says more for his head and heart than even poetry can do. Here is a specimen taken from 'The Poor Poet to his Purse, the work and gift of three sisters':

Phœbus had golden hair,
Twas all the gold he e'er possess'd,
But then he had a very flashy air.
And in his dishabille was thought well dress'd.
Alas! 'twould cost much money now-a-days,
To make hat, coat, and trowsers of green bays!

We Poets yet,

As was Apollo erst, are poor—

He ran in debt

We may be sure,

And never paid the coachmaker his bill,

Who furnish'd him his Phœton;

And we, his sons, can testify that still

Pactolus is not Helicon!

Dear Purse, my song returns to thee,
Thou creature of my patroness three!
I gaze admiring on thy silken sheen,
Thy rings vandyke, thy pendent glossy ends,
Thy meshes intricate of blue and green,
Thou prof the Muses and the Graces are good friends.
Another proof less pleasing dost thou yield:
Purses are sooner made than fill'd!

The task even of selection from a volume like this—containing contributions by Southey,

Joanna Baillie, Bernard Barton, Tennyson, and probably a hundred others more or less known to fame—is a somewhat invidious duty. We shall conclude, however, with a dramatic scene by Mr. Landor, which we think all will admire:

Luther's Parents.

John Luther. I left thee, Margareta, fast asleep,
Thou, who wert always earlier than myself,
Yet hast no mine to traduce to, hast no wedge
To sharpen at the forge, no pickaxe loose
In handle.

Come, blush not again: thy cheeks
May now shake off those blossoms which they bore
So thick this morning, that last night's avowal
Nestled among them still.

So, in few months

A noisier bird partakes our whispering bower.

Say it again.

Margareta. And, in my dream, I blushed!

John. Idler! wert dreaming too? and after dawn?

Mary. In truth was I.

John. Of me?

Mary. No, not of you.

John. No master; for methinks some Seraph's wing

Fann'd that bright countenance.

Mary. Methinks it did.

And stir'd my soul within.

How could you go

And never say good-bye, and give no kiss?

John. It might have wak'd thee. I can give more

Kisses than sleep: I thinking, I ho'ead up

Slowly my elbow from above the pillow.

And, when I saw it wok'e thou not, went forth.

Mary. I would have been awaken'd for a kiss,

And a good-bye, or either, if not both.

John. Thy dreams were not worth much then.

Mary. Few dreams are;

But . . .

John. By my troth! I will intrench upon

The woman's dowry, and will contradict,

Tho' I should never contradict again.

I have got more from dreams a hundred-fold

Than all the solid earth, than field, than town,

Than (the close niggard purse that cramps my fist,) The mine will ever bring me.

Mary. So have I.

And so shall each indeed, if this be true.

John. What was it then? for when good dreams befall

The true of heart, 'tis likely they come true . . .

A vein of gold? ay? silver? copper? iron?

Lead? sulphur? alum? abalster? coal?

Shake not those ringlets nor let down those eyes,

'Tho' they look prettier for it, but speak out.

True, these are not thy dainties.

Mary. Guess again.

John. Crystalline kitchens, amber-basted spits

Whizzing with frothy savory salamanders,

And swans, that might, so plump and pleasant-looking,

Swim in the water from the mouths of Knights;

And ostrich-eggs off corn woods (the nests

Outside of cinnamon, inside of saffron.)

And mortar'd well, for safety-sake, with myrrh.)

Serv'd up in fern leaves green before the Flood?

Mary. Still! you will never guess it, I am sure.

John. No? and yet these are well worth hearing of.

Mary. Try once again.

John. Faith! it is kind to let me.

Under-ground beer-cascades from Nuremberg?

Rhine vintage stealing from Electoral cellars,

And, broader than sea-baths for mermaid brides,

With flutes upon the surface strides across,

Pink couches to catch it, and to light it down;

And music from balantic organ-pipes

For dancing; and five farories to one man.

Mary. Oh! on his wild fancies! . . . Are they innocent?

John. I think I must be near it, by that shrug.

Spicy sack-posset, roaring from hot springs

And running off like mad thro' candied cliffs,

But catching now and then some fruit that drops . . .

Shake thy head yet? why then thou hast the palsy.

Zooks! I have thought of all things probable

And come to my wit's end.

Mary. What canst thou mean?

Mary. Nay, I have half a mind now not to tell.

John. Then it is out . . . Thy whole one ill could hold it.

Mary. Woman's mind hates pitch upon its seams.

Mary. Hush! one word more! and then my lips are closed.

John. Fish! one more word! and then my lips . . .

Mary. O rare

Impudent man! . . . and such discourse from you!

I dreamt we had a boy . . .

John. A wench, a wench . . .

A boy were not like thee.

Mary. I said a boy.

John. Well, let us have him, if we miss the girl.

Mary. My father told me he must have a boy,

And call him Martin (his own name), because

Saint Martin both was brave, and cloth'd the poor.

John. Hurrah then for Saint Martin! he shall have

Enough to work on in this house of ours.

Mary. Now, do not laugh, dear husband! but this dream

Seem'd somewhat more.

John. So do all dreams, ere past.

Mary. Well, but it seems so still.

John. Ay, twist my fingers,

Basketing them to hold it.

Never grave!

John. I shall be.

Mary. That one thought should make you now.

John. And that one tap upon the cheek to boot.

Mary. I do believe, if you were call'd to Heaven,

You would stay toying here.

I doubt I should.

Methinks I set my back against the gate,
Thrown open to me by this rosy hand,
And look both ways, but see more heaven than earth:
Give me thy dream: thou patient is aside:

I must be feasted: fetch it forth at once.

Mary. Husband! I dreamt the child was in my arms,
And held a sword, which from its little grasp

I could not move, nor you: I dreamt that proud

But tottering shapes, in purple flaggare,

Pul'd it at, and he laugh'd.

Mary. They frightened'd thee!

Mary. Frighten'd me! no: the infant's strength prevail'd.

Devils, with angels' faces, throng'd about;

Some offer'd flowers, and some hold cups behind,

And some hold daggers under silken stoles.

Mary. John. These frightened'd thee, however.

Mary. He knew all;

I knew he did.

John. A dream! a dream indeed!

John. He knew and laugh'd!

Mary. He sought his mother's breast,

And look at them no longer.

All the room

Was fill'd with light and gladness.

John. Richer than we are; he shall mount his horse;

Afeat above his father; and be one

Of the duke's spearman.

Mary. God forbid! they lead

Unrighteous lives, and often fall untimely.

John. A lion-hearted lad shall Martin be.

Mary. God willing; if his servant; but not else.

I have such hopes, full hopes, types overflowed.

John. A grave grand man, half collar and half cross,

With grain enough to hold his own buffy,

Thou fair wouldst have him. Out of dirt so stiff,

Old Satan fashioneth his idol, Pride.

Mary. If proud and cruel to the weak, and bent

To turn all blessings from their even course

To his own kind and company, may he

Never be great, with collar, cross, and chain;

No, not be ever Angel, if, O God!

He be a fallen Angel at the last.

What Asylums were, are, and ought to be. By W. A. F. Browne, Surgeon. Edinburgh, Black.

THERE are few subjects which show humanity in a worse point of view, than insanity and its asylums. Whether the long prevalent absurdities in the treatment of the disease, the cruelties for ages permitted to the superintendents, or the indifference of relations, be considered, the inference against civilized man has, hitherto, been highly unfavourable. It should seem as if society had united in a common conspiracy to get rid of the insane—to fling them, as Dr. Browne well observes, into "oubliettes," and, placing them out of sight, to get them also out of mind, as completely and as rapidly as if they were really deceased. The result of this apathy has been a corresponding reaction; and, since the spirit of reform has applied itself to the investigation of this class of abuses, a considerable excitement has occurred, and a rapid movement towards amelioration has commenced. Of this movement the self-interested would not be the last to profit; and there is, at this present moment, no better nor more-approved puff for a dealer in insanity, than a philanthropic essay on the treatment of the insane, or a description of some paradise that makes one long for lunacy as a qualification for its enjoyments. This circumstance has caused us to look with much suspicion at the class of works now under consideration, and perhaps to do occasional injustice to individuals who, however naturally anxious to promote their own success, may have really combined with that object more benevolent views than we have given them credit for.

Now, albeit that the lectures before us are written by the superintendent of an asylum, and delivered before its managers, we are willing to give the author the benefit of our doubts, and to consider his work as no more than a fair exercise of his calling,—or at least as free from mere personal objects as the designs of poor mortals can usually be. But, whatever may have been the motives which have directed Dr. Browne's labours, the result has been, an accumulation of much interesting information on the subject. His first lecture treats on the nature of insanity

—the second of its statistics—the third on the former condition of asylums—the fourth on their actual state—and the fifth on what they ought to be; and under these heads he has included the greater part of the knowledge with which the public, in its public capacity, ought to be acquainted. The spirit of the whole is, to inculcate a better view of what is due from society to the lunatic, and the pursuit of yet more extended efforts to promote the cure of the malady and the happiness of the patient.

Dr. Browne's nosology of lunacy is professedly founded upon phenological bases; but we are not aware that it might not have been what it is, had phrenology never been invented. Between the known manifestations of mind, and their presumed organic seats, there is little necessary connexion; and the general character of the means and appliances which the author recommends has no very logical sequence from purely phenological premises.

Perhaps the most generally interesting part of the work is the lecture on the statistics of insanity, in which the author treats the several questions of its presumed increase—of the classes of persons among whom it prevails—of the influence of government—of time of life—of marriage—and of sex, on the numbers affected; also of the rate of cures—of mortality—of the diseases of lunatics—the lucid intervals—and relapses; together with some remarks on the influence of certain curative means.

With respect to the relative amount of lunacy, we have the following observations:—

"By the calculations of Sir A. Halliday, which, although perhaps merely approximations to the truth, have the merit of being the only data we possess, it appears that the proportion of the insane to the same population of Europe, is 1 to 1000. In Wales the proportion is 1 to 800—in Scotland 1 to 574. The Americans, so closely allied to us by descent, language, national character, and customs, it is computed by Dr. Brigham, present 1 lunatic in every 262 inhabitants. This disparity probably depends upon the rapid acquisition of wealth, and the luxurious social habits to which the good fortune of our transatlantic brethren has exposed them. With luxury, indeed, insanity appears to keep equal pace."

"The truth seems to be, that the barbarian escapes this scourge because he is exempt from many of the physical, and almost all the moral sources of mental excitement; and that the members of civilized communities are subjected to it, because the enjoyments and blessings of augmented power are abused; because the mind is roused to exertion without being disciplined, it is stimulated without being strengthened; because our selfish propensities are cultivated while our moral nature is left barren, our pleasures becoming poisonous; and because in the midst of a blaze of scientific light, and in the presence of a thousand temptations to multiply our immediate by a sacrifice of our ultimate gratifications, we remain in the darkest ignorance of our own mind, its true relations, its danger and its destiny. With civilization then come sudden and agitating changes and vicissitudes of fortune; vicious effeminity of manners; complicated transactions; misdirected views of the objects of life; ambition, and hopes, and fears, which man in his primitive state does not and cannot know. But these neither constitute, nor are they necessarily connected with, civilization. They are defects, obstacles which retard the advancement of that amelioration of condition towards which every discovery in art, or ethics, must ultimately tend."

With respect to the influence of civilization, we quote the following judicious sentences:—

"There is one feature which has often struck me in examining tables of the causes of insanity in reference to the matter under discussion. One half of these is resolvable into crimes, follies, and ignorance. If we consult Esquirol's Table, published in 1835, comprehending 1557 cases, and exclude 337 instances of hereditary taint, at the existing circumstances under which this burst forth are not noted, it

will appear that 579 are attributable to the excess or abuse of the passions, or to the weakness of the uneducated intellect. The writings of the recent statistical authorities, Guerry and Quetelet, strongly corroborate this opinion."

"Are there any proscribed or privileged orders recognized in the invasion of madness, or are there any circumstances over which we possess control that appear to promote or prevent that invasion? There are both. And it conveys an impressive truth, that the professions which are most intimately connected with temporal and selfish interests, and the dispositions which are vicious or lead to vice, are precisely those upon which the infliction falls most heavily."

"Rank, riches, and education, afford no protection against this disease as they do against others; nor do they increase the danger otherwise than by giving rise to hopes and fears, and exertions and vicissitudes which the humble and illiterate escape. Statistics must decide this question likewise. And so far as our information extends, the privileged orders, to continue this mode of expression, are merely those who, from the nature of their employments, or their station in life, are farthest removed from the causes of the disease. The proscribed orders live in and by moral agitation. There is no preservative virtue in particular professions, as has been imagined."

"Of 500 patients admitted into the Asylum at Charenton, 96 belonged to the army, 63 had been engaged in trade, 60 were proprietors, 31 were farmers or gardeners, 15 were students, 6 ecclesiastics, 6 physicians, and 2 chemists. A table in my possession, containing the admissions to Dr. Duncan's asylum, Ireland, for eighteen years, confirms this view. The number amounts to 130. Of these, 1 is a schoolmaster, 5 are physicians or surgeons, 7 are farmers, 11 are collegians, 11 are lawyers, 14 are men of property, 14 are clergymen, 29 belong to the army or navy, and 37 are merchants, or connected with mercantile affairs.

"We do not possess sufficient data to determine the relative proportions of the insane rich and the insane poor. The information which has been obtained tends to show that the former are most numerous. Esquirol and Georget have adopted this opinion. At the first stage in the inquiry, it must be apparent, that while the poor and the wealthy classes are equally exposed, or rather expose themselves equally, to the physical causes the situation, education, and habits of the latter are all more favourable to the developement of the moral causes of insanity, than can be affirmed of the condition of the poor. Poverty enjoins a compulsory temperance; it shuts out the longings of ambition; it acquaints with the realities of life, and excludes the effects of sentimentalism; it often trains the body to vigour, and in all these respects may be styled prophylactic. The agricultural population, which presents poverty in its most attractive forms, and enjoys its best privileges, is to a great degree exempt from insanity. The returns published by Halliday show, that in twelve of the agricultural counties of England, the proportion of lunatics to the whole population is as 1 to 245, while in twelve non-agricultural counties the proportion was 1 to 1965."

On this subject we may add, that if the rich are more liable to mental aberrations, the poor are more subject to that infirmity of mind which arises from an imperfect developement of the organs. Idiots, and deficient intellect in its less complete degrees, are far more common in the cabins of Ireland, than where the condition of the working classes is better, and still more so, than among the affluent classes.

Great improvement in the treatment of lunatics has undoubtedly taken place of late years. Still much remains to be done—and we consider the different results in different establishments as conclusive proof of this. Without subscribing to every opinion, we may say, that the volume is marked by industry and good sense; and we think that it is calculated to remove some prevalent prejudices which stand in the way of practical improvement.

Illustrations of Jerusalem and Mount Sinai, &c. &c., from Drawings by F. Arundale, Architect; with a descriptive account of his tour and residence in those remarkable countries.

Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petraea, and the Holy Land. By an American.

(Second Notice.)

At the commencement of his second volume, our pleasant American friend starts for Petra, that wonderful city in the rocks, of which we have recently heard and seen so much from the pen and pencil of M. de Laborde. The reader is already aware that the journey is one of peril as well as endurance; that the roamers of the Desert have the inconvenient habit of begging (with all the *emphasis* of a royal invitation) for larger bucksheesh for the traveller's "Aunt," than he is at all times able or willing to pay—the consequences of denial being rather serious. But our American thinks that there has been a little exaggeration on this subject—that there are false brethren in his own backwoods quite as dangerous as those who issue from the black tents to scour the desert. Here we find him at his ease among them, assisting at a supper:—

"The life of the Bedouin, his appearance and habits, are precisely the same as those of the patriarchs of old. Abraham himself, the first of the patriarchs, was a Bedouin, and four thousand years have not made the slightest alteration in the character or habits of this extraordinary people. Read of the patriarchs in the Bible, and it is the best description you can have of pastoral life in the East at the present day.

"The woman whom we had pursued belonged to the tent of a Bedouin not far from our road, but completely hidden from our view; and when overtaken by Toualeb, she recognised in him a friend of her tribe, and in the same spirit, and almost in the same words which would have been used by her ancestors four thousand years ago, she asked us to her tent, and promised us a lamb or a kid for supper. Her husband was stretched on the ground in front of his tent, and welcomed us with an air and manner that belonged to the desert, but which a king on his throne could not have excelled. He was the embodied personification of all my conceptions of a patriarch. A large loose frock, a striped handkerchief on his head, bare legs, sandals on his feet, and a long white beard, formed the outward man. Almost immediately after we were seated, he took his shepherd's crook, and, assisted by his son, selected a lamb from the flock for the evening meal. * * While we were taking coffee the lamb lay bleating in our ears, as if conscious of its coming fate, and this was not particularly gratifying. The coffee drunk and the pipe smoked, our host arose and laid his hand upon the victim; the long sword which he wore over his shoulder was quickly drawn; one man held the head and another the hind legs; and, with a rapidity almost inconceivable, it was killed and dressed, and its smoking entrails, yet curling with life, were broiling on the fire.

"I was the guest of the evening, and had no reason to complain of the civility of my entertainer; for with the air of a well-bred host, and an epicure to boot, he drew from the burning coals one of the daintiest pieces, about a yard and a half in length, and rolling one end between the palms of his hands to a tapering point, broke off about a foot and handed it to me. Now I was by no means dainty. I could live upon the coarsest fare, and all the little luxuries of tables, knives and forks, were of very little moment in my estimation. I was prepared to go full length in this patriarchal feast. But my indifference was not proof against the convivial elegances of my Bedouin companions; and as I saw yard after yard disappear, like long strings of macaroni, down their capacious throats, I was cured of all poetical associations and my appetite together."

But if the risks of the desert are lessened by our author, the lustre of its hospitality is, also, somewhat dimmed by him. He was *permitted*—not asked—to pay for the dainties just described, and pithily speculates, that "if he had

gone among them poor and friendless, the lamb would have been spared for a longer term of existence, and the hospitality confined to a dip into the dish, and a mat at the door of the tent."

We push merrily on, our American talking by the way, of sick Arabs who came (with implicit faith in Frank skill) to be cured by him of their maladies, and filthy, diseased, half-naked, devout Santons of the desert hereabouts. He puts on his Turkish dress—Paul, his faithful familiar, attire himself *à la Bedouin*, and reaches the fortress of Akaba, where he falls sick, giving us a picture cheerless enough of what sickness in the desert must be. But the sheikh of Akaba, whose services he had bespoken at Cairo, restored him by the promise of an Arab charger to ride upon, and he musters up his courage, and sets out for Petra.

"I had taken leave of my trusty Toualeb, and was again in the hands of strangers; and I do not deceive myself when I say, that on the very borders of Edom I noticed a change for the worse in the appearance of the Bedouins. According to the reports of travellers and writers, those with whom I now set out from Akaba belonged to one of the most lawless tribes of a lawless race; and they were by far the wildest and fiercest-looking of all I had yet seen; with complexions bronzed and burnt to blackness; dark eyes, glowing with fire approaching to ferocity; figures thin and shrunken, though sinewy; chests standing out, and ribs projecting from the skin, like those of a skeleton. The sheik, like myself, was on horseback, dressed in a red silk gown like my own, and over it a large cloak of scarlet cloth, both the gifts of Messieurs Linant and Labord; a red tarbooch with a shawl rolled round it; long red boots, and a sash; and carried pistols, a sword, and a spear about twelve feet long, pointed with steel at both ends; his brother, too, wore a silk gown, and carried pistols and sword, and the rest were armed with swords and matchlock guns, and wore the common Bedouin dress—some of them almost no dress at all. We had moved some distance from the fortress without a word being uttered, for they neither spoke to me nor with each other. I was in no humour for talking myself, but it was unpleasant to have more than dozen men around, all bending their keen eyes upon me, and not one of them uttering a word. With a view to making some approach to acquaintance, and removing their jealousy of me as a stranger, I asked some casual question about the road; but I might better have held my peace; for it seemed that I could not have well hit upon a subject more displeasing. My amiable companions looked as black as midnight, and one of them, a particularly swarthy and truculent-looking fellow, turned short round, and told me that I had too much curiosity, and that he did not understand what right a Christian had to come there and hunt out their villages, take down their names, &c."

This sheikh of Akaba, by the way, turns out in the course of the journey to be a shabby and shameless extortioner; he meets his match, however, in our self-collected, blithe-hearted traveller. But we must pass on rapidly; and our readers must suppose Petra, with its tombs and temples, to have been visited without molestation by the Transatlantic Anonymous. Here, however, is an account of his ascent to the tomb of Aaron on the summit of Mount Hor. He told the Bedouins that he wished to make a sacrifice there; and, disregarding the difficulties, and their refusal to accompany him, he set out with Paul, having no better guide than his own sagacity:—

"For some distance we found the ascent sufficiently smooth and easy—much more so than that of Mount Sinai—and, so far as we could see before us, it was likely to continue the same all the way up. We were railing at the sheik for wanting to carry us around to the other side, and congratulating ourselves upon having attempted it here, when we came to a yawning and precipitous chasm, opening its horrid jaws almost from the very base of the mountain. From the distance at which we had marked

out our route, the inequalities of surface could not be distinguished, but here it was quite another thing. We stood on the brink of the chasm, and looked at each other in blank amazement; and at a long distance, as they wound along the base of the mountain, I thought I could see a quiet smile of derision lighting up the grim visages of my Bedouin companions. We stood upon the edge of the chasm, looking down into its deep abyss, like the spirits of the departed lingering on the shores of the Styx, vainly wishing for a ferryman to carry us over, and our case seemed perfectly hopeless without some such aid. But the days when genii and spirits lent their kind assistance to the sons of men are gone; if a man finds himself in a ditch, he must get out of it as well as he can, and so it was with us on the brink of this chasm. Bad, however, as was our prospect in looking forward, we had not yet begun to look back; and as soon as we saw that there was no possibility of getting over it, we began to descend; and groping, sliding, jumping, and holding on with hands and feet, we reached the bottom of the gully; and after another hard half hour's toil, were resting our wearied limbs upon the opposite brink, at about the same elevation as that of the place from which we had started."

After a succession of such adventures, they reach the summit:—

"On the very 'top of the mount,' reverenced alike by Mussulmans and Christians, is the tomb of Aaron. The building is about thirty feet square, containing a single chamber; in front of the door is a tombstone, in form like the oblong slabs in our churchyards, but larger and higher; the top rather larger than the bottom, and covered with a ragged pall of faded red cotton in shreds and patches. At its head stood a high round stone, on which the Mussulman offers his sacrifices. The stone was blackened with smoke; stains of blood and fragments of burnt brush were still about it; all was ready but the victim; and when I saw the reality of the preparations, I was very well satisfied to have avoided the necessity of conforming to the Mussulman custom. A few ostrich eggs, the usual ornaments of a mosque, were suspended from the ceiling, and the rest of the chamber was perfectly bare. After going out, and from the very top of the tomb surveying again and again the desolate and dreary scene that presented itself on every side, always terminating with the distant view of the Dead Sea, I returned within; and examining once more the tomb and the altar, walked carefully around the chamber. There was no light except what came from the door; and, in groping in the extreme corner on one side, my foot descended into an aperture in the floor. I put it down carefully, and found a step, then another, and another, evidently a staircase leading to a chamber below. I went down till my head was on the level of the floor, but could see nothing; all was dark, and I called to Paul to strike a light. Most provokingly he had no materials with him. He generally carried a flint and steel for lighting his pipe with; but now, when I most wanted it, he had none. I went back to the staircase, and descending to the bottom of the steps, attempted to make out what the place might be; but it was utterly impossible. I could not see even the steps on which I stood. I again came out, and made Paul search in all his pockets for the steel and flint. My curiosity increased, with the difficulty of gratifying it; and in a little while, when the thing seemed to be utterly impossible, with this hole unexplored, Petra, Mount Hor, and the Dead Sea, appeared to lose half their interest. I ran up and down the steps, inside and out, abused Paul, and struck stones together in the hope of eliciting a spark; but all to no purpose. I was in an agony of despair, when suddenly I found myself grasping the handle of my pistol. A light broke suddenly upon me. A pile of dry brush and cotton rags lay at the foot of the sacrificial altar; I fired my pistol into it, gave one puff, and the whole mass was in a blaze. Each seized a burning brand, and we descended. At the foot of the steps was a narrow chamber, at the other end an iron grating, opening in the middle, and behind the grating a tomb cut in the naked rock, guarded and revered as the tomb of Aaron. I tore aside the rusty grating, and thrusting in my arm up to the shoulders, touched the hallowed spot. The rocks and mountains were echoing the discharge

of my pistol, like peals of crashing thunder; and while, with the burning brand in one hand, I was thrusting the other through the grating, the deafening reverberations seemed to rebuke me for an act of sacrilege, and I rushed up the steps like a guilty and fear-struck criminal. Suddenly I heard from the foot of the mountain a quick and irregular discharge of fire arms, which again resounded in loud echoes through the mountains. It was far from my desire that the bigoted Mussulmans should come upon me and find me with my pistol still smoking in my hand, and the brush still burning in the tomb of the prophet; and tearing off a piece of the ragged pall, we hurried from the place and dashed down the mountain on the opposite side, with a speed and recklessness that only fear could give. If there was room for question between a scramble or a jump, we gave the jump; and, when we could not jump, our shoes were off in a moment, one leaned over the brow of the precipice, and gave the other his hand, and down we went, allowing nothing to stop us. Once for a moment we were at a loss; but Paul, who, in the excitement of one successful leap after another, had become amazingly confident, saw a stream of water, and made for it with the glorious boast that where water descended we could; and the suggestion proved correct, although the water found much less difficulty in getting down than we did. In short, after an ascent the most toilsome, and a descent the most hair-brained and perilous it was ever my fortune to accomplish, in about half an hour we were at the base of the mountain, but still hurrying on to join our escort.

"We had only to cross a little valley to reach the regular camel-track, when we saw from behind a slightly elevated range of rocks the head and long neck of a dromedary; a Bedouin was on his back, but, riding sideway, did not see us. Another came, and another, and another; then two or three, and, finally, half a dozen at a time, the blackest, grimiest, and ugliest vagabonds I had ever yet seen. A moment before Paul and I had both complained of fatigue, but it is astonishing how the sight of these honest men revived us; any one seeing the manner in which we scoured along the side of the mountain, would have thought that all our consciousness was in our legs. The course we were pursuing when we first saw them would have brought us on the regular camel-track, a little in advance of them, but now our feet seemed to cling to the sides of the mountain. We were in a humour for almost calling on the rocks to fall upon us and cover us; and if there had been a good dodging-place, I am afraid I should here have to say that we had taken advantage of it, until the very unwelcome caravan passed by; but the whole surface of the country, whether on mountain side or in valley's depth, was bare and naked as floor; there was not a bush to obstruct the view; and soon we stood revealed to these unpleasant witnesses of our agility. They all shouted to us at once; and we returned the salute, looking at them over our shoulders, but pushing on as fast as we could walk. In civilized society, our course of proceeding would have been considered a decided cut; but the unmannerly savages did not know when they received a civil cut, and were bent on cultivating our acquaintance. With a loud shout, slipping off their camels and whipping up their dromedaries, they left the track, and dashed across the valley to intercept us. I told Paul that it was all over, and now we must brazen it out; and we had just time to turn around and reconnoitre for a moment, before we were almost trodden under foot by their dromedaries.

"With the accounts that we had read and heard of these Bedouins, it was not a pleasant thing to fall into their hands alone; and without the protection of the sheik we had reason to apprehend bad treatment. We were on a rising ground; and as they came bounding towards us, I had time to remark that there was not a gun or pistol among them; but every one, old and young, big and little, carried an enormous sword slung over his back, the hilt coming up towards the left shoulder; and in his hand a large club, with a knot at the end as large as a doubled fist. Though I had no idea of making any resistance, it was a satisfaction to feel that they might have some respect for our firearms; as even a Bedouin's logic can teach him, that though a gun or a pistol can kill but one, no man in a crowd can tell

but that he may be that one. Our armory, however, was not in the best condition for immediate use. I had fired one of my pistols in the tomb of Aaron, and lost the flint of the other; and Paul had burst the priming cap on one of his barrels, and the other was charged with bird-shot.

It seemed that there was nothing hostile in their intentions; for though they came upon us with a wild and clamorous shout, their dark eyes appeared to sparkle with delight as they shook us by the hand, and their tumultuous greeting, to compare small things with great, reminded me of the wild welcome which the Arabs of Saladin gave to the litter of the Queen of England, when approaching the Diamond of the Desert on the shores of the Dead Sea."

This long extract has made sad havoc of our space; we must, therefore, hurry over the return journey, in which the trickeries employed by the sheikh to extort money from the tourist, and the manner in which the latter parried his cupidity, are the chief incidents, and make a most pleasant figure. After passing through the great desert valley of El Ghor, the party came into the great road for Gaza, and thence to Hebron. Here we are again on well-known ground; and shall therefore conclude with a few more scattered sketches—one of an Arnaout, who guided the American back to "the Holy City," and whose exuberant trencher-doings must have gravely scandalized the brethren of the convent at Bethlehem, where the following scene is laid:—

"It was dark when I returned to the convent, followed by my wild Arnaout, whom, by-the-way, I have neglected for some time. I had told him on my arrival that I should not need his escort any farther; but he swore that he had his orders, and would not leave me until he saw me safe within the walls of Jerusalem; and so far he had been as good as his word; for, wherever I went, he was close at my heels, following with invincible gravity, but never intruding, and the continual rattling of his steel scabbard being the only intimation I had of his presence. He was now following me through the stone court of the convent, into the room fitted up for the reception of pilgrims and travellers. I liked him, and I liked to hear the clanking of his sword at my heels; I would have staked my life upon his faith; and such confidence did he inspire by his bold, frank bearing, his manly, muscular figure, and his excellent weapons, that with a dozen such I would not have feared a whole tribe of Bedouins. In another country and a former age he would have been the *beau ideal* of a dashing cavalier, and an unflinching companion at the wine-cup or in the battle-field. I bore in mind our conversation in the morning about wine, and was determined that my liberal expounder of the Koran should not suffer from my abstinence. The superior, apologizing for the want of animal food, had told me to call for anything in the convent, and I used the privilege for the benefit of my thirsty Mussulman. The first thing I called for was wine; and, while supper was preparing, we were tasting its quality. He was no stickler for trifles, and accepted, without any difficulty, my apology for not being able to pledge him in full bumpers; and although most of this time Paul was away, and we could not exchange a word, the more he drank the better I liked him. It was so long since I had with me a companion I liked, that I 'cottoned' to him more and more, and resolved to make the most of him. I had a plate for him at table by the side of me; and when Paul, who did not altogether enter into my feelings, asked him if he would not rather eat alone, on the floor, he half drew his sword, and driving it back into its scabbard, swore that he would eat with me if it was on the top of a minaret. We sat down to table, and I did the honour with an unsparring hand. He attempted for a moment the use of the knife and fork, but threw them down in disgust, and trusted to the means with which nature had provided him. The wine he knew how to manage, and for the rest he trusted to me; and I gave him bread, olives, fish, milk, honey, sugar, figs, grapes, dates, &c. &c., about as fast as I could hand them over, one after the other, all together, pell-mell, and with such an utter contempt of all rules of

science as would have made a Frenchman go mad. Paul by this time entered into the spirit of the thing; and when my bold guest held up for a moment, he stood by with a raw egg, the shell broken, and turning back his head, poured it down his throat. I followed with a plate of brown sugar, into which he thrust his hand to the knuckles, sent down a huge mouthful to sweeten the egg, and nearly kicking over the table with an ejaculation about equivalent to our emphatic 'enough,' threw himself upon the divan. I wound him up with coffee and pipes; and when the superior came to me in the evening, to the scandal of the holy brotherhood, my wild companion was lying asleep, as drunk as a lord, upon the divan. • *

"I trust the reader will forgive me, if, in the holy city of Bethlehem, I forgot for a moment the high and holy associations connected with the place, in the sense of enjoyment awakened by the extraordinary luxury of a pair of sheets—a luxury I had not known since my last night in Cairo.

"Tempted as I was to yield myself at once to the enjoyment, I paused a while to look at the sleeping figure of my kervash. He lay extended at full length on his back, with his arms folded across his breast, his right hand clutching the hilt of his sword, and his left the handle of a pistol; his broad chest rose and fell with his long and heavy respirations; and he slept like a man who expected to be roused by a cry to battle. His youth and manhood had been spent in scenes of violence; his hands were red with blood; murder and rapine had been familiar to him; and when his blood was up in battle, the shrieks and groans of the dying were music in his ears; yet he slept, and his sleep was calm and sound as that of childhood. I stood over him with a candle in my hand, and flashed the light across his face; his rugged features contracted, and his sword rattled in his convulsive grasp. I blew out the light and jumped into bed. Once during the night I was awakened by some noise he made; and by the dim light of a small lamp that hung from the ceiling I saw him stumble to the table, seize huge jar of water, and apply it to his lips; then I saw him throw back his head, and heard his long, regular, and continued swallows; and when he had finished the jar, he drew a long breath, went to the window, came to my bedside, looked at me for a moment, probably thinking what a deal of useless trouble I took in taking off my clothes; and throwing himself upon the divan, in a few moments he was again asleep."

Our last fragment must be a scene at Jerusalem. Paul had been requested by "the well-fed superior of the convent," to form one of the actors in a washing of feet which was to take place. It seems this invaluable dragoman was a bit of a saint.

"With a dignity, and, at the same time, a respect, which he seemed all at once to have acquired from his clear understanding of his relative duties, he asked me whether I could spare him the next afternoon, stating the reason and the honour the superior had done him. I told him, of course, that I would not interfere with his playing such an important part; and as it would be a new character for him to appear in, I should like to be present at the representation. • *

"This ceremony of washing the feet of the disciples, intended by our Saviour as a beautiful lesson of humility, is performed from year to year, ostensibly to teach the same lesson; and in this case the humility of the superior was exalted shamefully at the expense of the disciples. Most of the twelve would have come under the meaning, though inexplicable, term of 'loafer'; but one, a vagrant Pole was, beyond all peradventure, the greatest blackguard I ever saw. A black muslin frock-coat, dirty and glosy from long use, buttoned tight across the breast, and reaching down to his ankles, and an old foxy, low-crowned hat, too big for him, and almost covering his eyes and ears, formed his entire dress, for he had no trousers, shoes, or shirt; he was snub-nosed, pock-marked, and sore-eyed; wore a long beard, and probably could not remember the last time he had washed his face—think, then, of his feet. If Paul had been dignified, he was puffed up almost to bursting; and the self-complacency with which he looked upon himself and all around him

was admirable beyond description. By great good fortune for my designs against Paul, the Pole stood next and before him in the line of the *quasi* disciples; and it was refreshing to turn from the consequential and complacent air of the one to the crestfallen look of the other, and to see him, the moment he caught my eye, with a suddenness that made me laugh, turn his head to the other side; but he had hardly got it there before he found me on that side too; and so I kept him watching and dodging, and in a perpetual fidget. To add to his mortification, the Pole seemed to take particularly to him; and as he was before him in the line, was constantly turning round and speaking to him with a patronising air; and I capped the climax of his agony by going up in a quiet way, and asking him who was the gentleman before him. I could see him wince, and for a moment I thought of letting him alone; but he was often on stilts, and I seldom had such an opportunity of pulling him down. Besides, it was so ludicrous, I could not help it. If I had had any one with me to share the joke, it would have been exquisite. As it was, when I saw his determination to dodge me, I neglected everything else, and devoted myself entirely to him; and, let the poor fellow turn where he would, he was sure to find me leaning against a pillar, with a smile on my face and my eyes intently fixed upon him; occasionally I would go up and ask him some questions about his friend before him; and finally, as if I could not joke about it any more, and felt on my own account the indignity offered to him, I told him that, if I were he, I would not stand it any longer; that I was ashamed to see him with such a pack of rascals; that they had made a cat's-paw of him, and advised him to run for it, saying that I would stand by him against a bull from the pope. He now spoke for the first time, and told me that he had been thinking of the same thing; and, by degrees, actually worked himself up to the desperate pitch of incurring the hazard of excommunication, if it must needs be so, and had his shoes and stockings in his hands ready for a start, when I brought him down again by telling him it would soon be over; and, though he had been shamefully treated, that he might cut the gentleman next to him whenever he pleased.

"After gonding him as long as he could possibly bear, I left him to observe the ceremony. At the upper end of the chapel, placed there for the occasion, was a large chair, with a gilt frame and velvet back and cushion, intended as the seat of the nominal disciple. Before it was a large copper vase, filled with water, and a plentiful sprinkling of rose leaves; and before that, a large red velvet cushion, on which the superior kneeled to perform the office of lavation. I need not suggest how inconsistent was this display of gold, rose-water, and velvet, with the humble scene it was intended to represent; but the tinsel and show imposed upon the eyes for which they were intended.

"One after another the disciples came up, seated themselves in the chair, and put their feet in the copper vase. The superior kneeled upon the cushion, with both his hands washed the right foot, wiped it with a clean towel, kissed it, and then held it in his hands to receive the kisses of the monks, and of all volunteers that offered. All went on well enough until it came to the turn of Paul's friend and fore-runner, the doughty Pole. There was a general titter as he took his place in the chair; and I saw the superior and the monk who assisted him hold down their heads and laugh almost convulsively. The Pole seemed to be conscious that he was creating a sensation, and that all eyes were upon him, and sat with his arms folded, with an ease and self-complacency altogether indescribable, looking down in the vase, and turning his foot in the superior's hands, heel up, toe up, so as to facilitate the process; and when the superior had washed and kissed it, and was holding it up for others to do the same, he looked about him with all the grandeur of a monarch in the act of coronation. Keeping his arms folded, he fairly threw himself back into the huge chair, looking from his foot to the monks, and from the monks to his foot again, as one to whom the world had nothing more to offer. It was more than a minute before any one would venture upon the perilous task of kissing those very suspicious toes, and the monk who was assisting the superior had to go round and

drum them up; though he had already kissed it once in the way of his particular duty, to set an example he kissed it a second time; and now, as if ashamed of their backwardness, two or three rushed forward at once; and the ice once broken, the effect seemed electric, and there was a greater rush to kiss his foot than there had been to any of the others.

"It was almost too hard to follow Paul after this display. I ought to have spared him, but I could not. His mortification was in proportion to his predecessor's pride. He was sneaking up to the chair, when, startled by some noise, he raised his head, and caught the eye which, above all others, he would have avoided. A broad laugh was on my face; and poor Paul was so discomfited, that he stumbled, and came near pitching headlong into the vase. I could not catch his eye again; he seemed to have resigned himself to the worst. I followed him round in the procession, as he thrice made the tour of the chapel and corridors, with a long lighted candle in his hand; and then we went down to the superior's room, where the monks, the superior, the twelve, and myself, were entertained with coffee. As the Pole, who had lagged behind, entered after we were all seated, the superior, with the humour of a good fellow, cried out, 'Viva Polacca'; all broke out into a loud laugh, and Paul escaped in the midst of it. About an hour afterward I met him outside the Damascus Gate. Even then he would have shunned me; but I called him, and, to his great relief, neither then nor at any other time referred to the washing of the feet of the disciples."

And here, though something loath, we must cease from this pleasant book. The other work which stands at the head of our notice is rather pictorial than literary—the illustrative descriptions being but slight (compared with our American's), trite, and uninteresting. But the plates, which are lithographs, are clever, and set before us the desert, and the mount of the Commandments, the city of pilgrimage, and many other hallowed spots. We took them as welcome accompaniment to the work through whose pages we have literally made a long summer day's journey, and would recommend our readers to follow our example. It is only fair to say, however, that Mr. Arundale's work has strength enough to stand alone; though rather as a picture book than as adding to the too-long list of journals, sketches, and travelling reminiscences.

Recollections of the last Half Century—[Souvenirs d'un Demi Siècle, &c.] By G. Touchard-Lafosse. 4 vols. Bruxelles, Meline.

This book belongs not to the anomalous class of pseudo-autobiography which has of late abounded in France, offering the fiction of romance divested of its interest. The recollecter of these recollections professes to be no more than the living, writing, M. Touchard-Lafosse, son of a Parisian shopkeeper, and author of sundry historical works. On the breaking out of the first French revolution he was a child, and his recollections of its earlier period, occupying the whole of the first four volumes, are in fact rather his father's recollections than his own. But that father, one of the first embodied national guards, appears to have been present at many of the scenes described, and we have no reason to question either his veracity or his son's recollections of his communications. Upon the historical importance of these recollections—thus far at least—we confess we do not set any very high value; the more especially, because we cannot quite concur in M. Touchard-Lafosse's opinion, that Marat, Robespierre & Co. were all the purchased instruments of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. But, we think the volumes entertaining, and some of the anecdotes illustrative of the manners and character of the time; we propose therefore to translate a few, and shall begin with those relating to the royal family after they had been brought back from Varennes.

We need hardly remind the reader that for

some time after that event the Queen was watched more closely than is consonant with our notions of delicacy, or even decency. M. Touchard-Lafosse does not tell us whether his father was the national guard who figures in the following scene:—

A national guard was stationed in a room opening into the Queen's bedchamber by a glass door, the curtain of which the sentinel raised at his pleasure to survey the royal captive. One night that Marie Antoinette could not sleep, tired of tossing and turning, she lighted the candles placed with a chamber-lamp by her bedside, took a book, and began to read. Presently, to her no small astonishment, her curtains were opened, and a man seated himself upon her bed. It was the National Guard, from the next room.

The Queen, offended and disconcerted, asked her nocturnal visitor, "Pray, Sir, do you know what a queen is?"

"Yes, Ma'am," returned he, "the wife of the hereditary representative of the nation."

"And may not his wife sleep?"

"To sleep is one of the rights of man."

"Of which the constitution has not deprived women, I presume."

"Not at all. But I saw you were not asleep; and as I must not sleep on duty, I thought we might as well have a little chat to pass the time, and come to bear your company."

The Queen had long since discovered that her visitor was actuated by nothing worse than ignorance of good manners, and smiling, rejoined, "That was very obliging of you; but should your commanding officer visit your post, he might take your absence amiss, and I think you would do more wisely to return and remain there."

The worthy civic soldier thanked her Majesty for her consideration of his interests, and went back to his allotted station."

We proceed to the famous 20th of June, when the Parisian populace first invaded the Tuilleries, and Touchard's father was on duty as a national guard.

The crowd spared neither the gratings nor the doors of the Tuilleries; the hatchets opened the way to the royal apartments. When the insurgents reached the last door between them and Louis XVI., the King, in person, opened it. He met them calm, with a stoic smile upon his lips. Let me say it, the King showed himself this day the hero of resignation. An hour before the arrival of the people he had said, laughingly, to some one who was with him, "The hereditary representative of the nation may chance not to see the evening of this day."

When Louis XVI. opened the door, several priests were in his room; but they quickly vanished, and the King, waving his hat, cried, "The nation for ever!"

The episode of the red cap placed upon the King's head, has been variously related. The operation was performed in the midst of the crowd, pressing upon the sovereign; and it is hard to say whether it was done by Legendre, or whether the King himself asked for, and put it on. But it is certain that a man held out a bottle to his Majesty, requiring him to drink the nation's health. A glass could not be found at the instant, and the King drank, as required, out of the bottle.

But Marie Antoinette was yet more the object of enmity than Louis. The anecdote of Madame Elizabeth's presenting herself instead of her sister-in-law, is too well known to be here repeated. We proceed to the Queen herself:—

Maria Antoinette was detained in her own apartment, by her attendants and courtiers. Bursting into tears, she exclaimed, "My place is by his side. His sister must not be his only shield."

"Your place is by the side of your children," urged those around her.

She broke from them, and was running across the council chamber to the King, when General Vitten-gloff and M. Lajard, minister at war, met her. Against her will they stopped her, and formed a barricade of the council table. The queen then asked for her children. They were brought to her, and placing them upon the table, she sat down beside

them, surrounded by the Princesses of Lamballe, Chimay, and Torreuse, and other ladies. A double line of national guards, of whom my father was one, ranged themselves before the table, and other lines at either end. *

Despite this defensive array, a woman, who had made her way into the room, insulted the Queen. She flung a red cap with tricolor ribbons, upon the table, and imperiously demanded Madame Veto, as she called her Majesty, to deck her son with the colours of liberty. She was about to be obeyed, when a tall, stout officer entered, drove back the woman, and ordered her off. It was Santerre.

This man has been lightly judged. His harsh voice, his coarse though fluent eloquence, his bold countenance, and circumstances that often imperatively governed his conduct contrary to his inclination, have led to his being classed amongst the most ferocious Terrorists of the period. Well! This demagogue was neither ill-natured nor cruel. He abandoned himself, blindly, to the impulse of party, but spontaneously he never injured any one. * * He had acquired a despotic authority over the multitude, whom he impelled and checked at his pleasure. * * Leaning upon the table, he looked steadily at the queen, who shuddered at his sight, and then said, in the softest accent to which he could modulate his voice—

"Nay, Madam, fear nothing! I do not want to hurt you, and in my presence no one shall lay a finger upon you, or the king, or your children. If any dared, I would be the first to defend you. Consider, Madam, that you are misled, and that it is dangerous to deceive the people."

The crowd had thronged around to hear the language of their oracle; again he orders them away, scolds, threatens, brutally driving them before him. The crowd trembles at his voice; the statues seem to lessen; all file off and disappear.

A personage of no small importance in his day, although now nearly forgotten, is then introduced upon the stage, amidst the sectional preparations for the 10th of August:—

At ten o'clock at night of the 9th, an hundred and eighty commissioners, named by the sections, repaired to the *Hôtel de Ville*, where, forming a general council, presided by the popular Huguenin, they rallied the authority of the municipality. Here suddenly started into renown a reputation destined to make a noise in the revolution. At the immense green cloth, around which deliberated these improvised councillors, was seen, pen in mouth, and seemingly very much occupied, a young man with an expressive and somewhat sly countenance. This young man, whom every one recollects having seen but a few years back, playing in the street gutters, was the son of a porter. His good looks had attracted the notice of the clever Abbé Morellet, to whom the education of a son of M. de Berry's was at that time intrusted. The instruction given to the little gentleman was thenceforward shared by Tallien, who was thus introduced into a career to which his birth had not destined him. Nothing develops ambition like unforeseen prosperity. He who is at first confounded by the fortuitous gifts of Fate soon becomes more imperiously exacting than she is lavish, and, even whilst requiring more than she can bestow, fancies he is but modestly obeying her. When the revolution occurred, Tallien pushed himself upwards by all the means that offered; but he was still young, and could not soar high. Crawling on the earth, he intrigued in his section; then got himself attached to the general council. In this post he, for some months, remained obscure, and it was only on the night of the 9th of August that he appeared as a principal actor in the revolutionary drama. He held the pen during the nocturnal sitting of the committee that usurped the power of the municipality of Paris.

That Tallien now became one of the leading Terrorists, need not be added. In order not to sever man and wife, we will pass to our author's recollections of the first appearance on the stage of the future Mad. Tallien, whom the Terrorist first saw upon his mission to Bordeaux, there to exterminate the last remains of the fugitive Girondists.

The enchantress of whom I speak, daughter to the

Spanish banker, M. Cabarrus, and then bearing the name of Mad. Fontenay, was at that time at Bordeaux, in a somewhat adventurous situation, and the dawn of her celebrity was marked by incidents that I must not omit.

It was one day announced in the circles of Bordeaux that a beautiful citizeness had composed a wonderfully patriotic oration, which would be delivered at the club, by a young patriot named Julien. I have reason to believe that this obliging reader was M. Julien, who during the Empire held several important posts in the military administration; and who, since the Restoration, better known as Julien de Paris, was, in conjunction with the estimable Amaury-Duval, the founder of the *Revue Encyclopédique*. *

The following *decade* was the day fixed for the delivery of his speech. The club was full. All eyes were bent upon a young woman dressed in a riding habit of dark blue kersyemere, faced and trimmed with red velvet. Upon her beautiful black hair, cropp'd *à la Titus*, then a perfectly new fashion, was lightly set, on one side, a scarlet cap trimmed with fur. Mad. Fontenay is said to have been most beautiful in this attire.

The oration, admirably well read by Citizen Julien, excited wonderful enthusiasm. Its commanding patriotic declamation, lighted up by a reflection of the admiration felt for the author, gained it the utmost praise. Unanimous applause, flattering address of the president, honours of the sitting, in short, all the remunerations of popular assemblies were lavished upon the beautiful patriot. This triumphant essay was so encouraging, that the following *decade* Mad. Fontenay appeared in the club with a new discourse, which she now read herself. Her success was intoxicating.

It should seem that some of Mad. Fontenay's admirers did not confine themselves to such club homage; for within a *decade* of her last oration, it was reported that two generals, enamoured of the eloquent beauty, had fought a duel on her account. ** One only of the adversaries was slightly wounded; and the conqueror, General Ed.-Colbert, had the mortification of learning that the few drops of blood he had shed, had purchased happiness for his rival. It was shortly after this that Tallien visited Bordeaux, and made the acquaintance of the lady, who so completely subjugated his heart, that she left not in it a trace of ferocity.

We turn back to the earlier times of the *Terror*; and think the following anecdote happily exemplifies the extravagant extent to which suspicion was then carried.

I have elsewhere related that during the long sitting of the royal family in the logograph's seat in the hall of the National Assembly, on the 10th of August, a young national guard, named Huilliot, at the request of the queen, procured a couple of biscuits for the Dauphin, who was wretchedly hungry. One day that the imprisoned queen walked with her children in the garden of the Temple, this young man was sentry there. She recognized him, and, without stopping, observed, in allusion to the service he had rendered her, "That young man is not in his proper place."

The two municipal officers who followed her noticed her words, and scarcely had she passed, ere one of them collared the sentry, and roughly bade him follow.

"But, citizen, my post—my orders," urged the poor lad tremblingly.

"I relieve thee; follow me, and do not answer."

When they reached the principal guard room of the Temple, Huilliot, to his unspeakable terror, saw all the commissioners of the *Commune*, forming themselves into a tribunal, take their seats round the table, and place him on the bench of the accused.

"Thou knowest Madame Veto?" questioned the municipal officer who had brought him thither.

"As everybody knows her, citizen."

"That is false; or how should she have said 'that young man is not in his proper place.' Thou art a scoundrel aristocrat, an agent of Brunswick and Clairfrait."

"I do assure you, citizen, that I have no acquaintance with those gentlemen. The queen——"

"There is no queen!" thundered the municipal functionary.

"The citizeness, Marie Antoinette," resumed Huilliot, "must have mistaken me for some one else."

"That is not clear," observed a second commissioner, looking unavoidably askance at the youth, because he squinted.

"No," subjoined the first interrogator, "and thou shall be lodged at the Conciergerie, till this suspicious business is cleared up."

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" exclaimed the simple-hearted national guard. "And this evening's ball!"

"What dost mean?" questioned a third municipal officer.

"You must know, citizen," said Huilliot, timidly, "that I belong to a society."

"A society!" exclaimed the original accuser.

"An assemblage of conspirators."

"No, indeed, citizen; only an assemblage of dancers; we give subscription balls hard by, in the Rue du Temple. I am one of the stewards."

"Citizen magistrates," said an officer of the national guard, who had hitherto listened in silence, "May I be allowed a word or two?"

"Speak, citizen captain; as commander of the armed force, thou hast a deliberative voice."

"This youth, citizen, who is thinking of a ball during a criminal examination, has to me very little the air of a conspirator." * * And I can bear witness that he, this morning, requested me to allow him leave of absence for the night, on condition of doing double duty during the day; and all for the sake of this same ball."

"My coat, my pumps, my clean cravat, are all at a grocer's, Rue du Temple, ready for me," added Huilliot. "You can ascertain the fact, citizen municipal officers."

"The captain's remark is very sensible," said one of the commissioners, "and much confirmed by the young citizen's candid mien. Let us send a sergeant and two grenadiers to the grocer's, to inquire into the facts of the case, and if the things be there, discharge the prisoner; for, as the citizen commander of the post justly says, people do not conspire and dance at the same time."

Huilliot's statement proved to be correct, and he was dismissed; but he had been lost had he confessed the two biscuits given to the famished Dauphin.

We could willingly extract a few more absurdities of the day, but cannot squeeze them in, inasmuch as we must keep room for two matters, to us more interesting,—to wit, our reminiscent's version of Charlotte Corday's tyrannical, which he ascribes, not to exalted patriotism, but to love and vengeance; and secondly, for an anecdote which, though pre-supposing crime, is in itself creditable to one who is seldom mentioned but as an object of detestation—we mean the public accuser, Fouquier-Tinville.

During their insurrectional movement, the Girondists, who had escaped from Paris, resided at the *Intendance* [a public edifice] at Caen, where they gave audience to all who sought them. The captivating portrait, drawn by Madame Roland, of Barboroux, whom she called Antinous, will not have been forgotten; and when ladies conspire, the features and form of an Apollo become important political qualities. One morning a young person, tall, well made, with an air of the greatest propriety, and attended by a servant, desired to speak with Barboroux. No one attached an indecorous idea to the visit. In the features of the unknown, at once dignified and delicate, there was a mixture of reserve and pride that prevented suspicion. She came repeatedly; and always conversed privately with Barboroux, although in a saloon where all the Girondist deputies were constantly coming and going. * * At length these visits were so frequently repeated, that Louvet, the author of Faublas, whose notions of female virtue were low, expressed his belief that this was a mere affair of gallantry.

"Ah, my dear colleague," exclaimed Madame Roland's Antinous, "how wide art thou of the truth! I may reveal it now that our interviews are over, and the fair damsel, as I am informed, has departed for Paris. She is bent upon acquiring a thorough knowledge of some of the factious demagogues who

now degrade our poor republic, and who are beginning to stain it with blood. She questioned me minutely respecting their domestic lives, their daily habits, and made me describe their persons and features, as if she had meant to paint their portraits upon returning home." * * This young person was Charlotte Corday d'Armenes, and I have often talked over her proceedings with Louvet, when he was a bookseller in the Palais Royal. * * This intrepid girl was of a noble family, whose antipathy to all the principles of the revolution was too notorious for her to be supposed an ardent patriot. Her brother, with whom I have since served, had then emigrated. He returned in virtue of the First Consul's amnesty. * * He always shrugged his shoulders when his sister's patriotic martyrdom was praised. * * In 1789 Madile. Corday was deeply in love with the young Count de Belzunce, Colonel of the regiment de Bourbon. He fell a victim to popular fury; and the instrument of that fury had been Marat's denunciations in the sanguinary newspaper he even then published. * * Is then the love-born vengeance of Charlotte Corday an ascertained truth? That I dare not aver; but her patriotic self-devotion is evidently a chimera. *

I saw her on her way to execution. I still see, and shall, as long as I live, the dazzling marble of her features, rising above the red serge thrown over her, and draping itself around her delicate limbs. I see Charlotte, now the heroine of resigned virtue, as before of enterprising resolution, impassive amidst the hooting, yelling, and imprecations of a bellowing multitude crowding around the fatal cart.

We think it hard to deny the fair tyrannicide patriotic motives, though we may admit a suspicion that love and love's revenge had some share in sharpening her patriotic hatred, as also in directing it upon Marat. The next anecdote, with which we conclude, we must narrate somewhat less graphically than our reminiscent, abridging, rather than altering his words.

An hundred and thirty-two prisoners had been sent from Nantes to Paris by Carrier, for trial by the revolutionary tribunal. They were almost all seized with an epidemic, then ravaging the Parisian gaols, and their friends vainly implored their temporary transference to hospitals. One of these friends at length brought him of applying to Fouquier-Tinville, the public accuser.

Upon presenting himself at the residence of this terrible functionary, the petitioner was informed by the wife of one of his underlings, and informed with cynical plainness, that such a supplication had no chance of success, unless presented by female youth and beauty. The discomfited messenger returned with this answer to the assembled families and friends of the unfortunate prisoners.

"I will go," said, with a deep sigh, Madile. M., a young and lovely *Nantaise*, whose father was dying of the epidemic.

"But Mademoiselle," rejoined the unsuccessful petitioner, "pure and innocent as you are, you know not the danger you run."

"I know, Sir, that my father must die if he be not immediately got out of the prison. If he who can release him ask my life, it is his—can he require more?"

Her friends looked sorrowfully upon the innocent girl; but the object was important to all—they gave her no hint of the shame that threatened, and she went forth.

Madile. M.—found the public accuser alone in his cabinet. The tear-swollen eyes, the confusion, combined with evidently unsuspecting innocence of the virgin of seventeen, seem to have touched even the profligate Terrorist. He soothed her, made her sit, and listened to her petition.

"I wish, if possible, to favour you, citizeness," said he, as she concluded.

"Oh, citizen! I shall owe you my father's life."

"Owe me the life of a man!" murmured the Terrorist, half to himself. "Yes, I will oblige you; but you must meet me to-day, at two o'clock, at the Tuilleries, on the terrace by the water."

"I will be there, citizen," replied she; whilst the long lashes quite veiled her large blue eyes.

"Be punctual."

"Citizen, my father is dying."

"Ah! true! A father's life—that is something. Farewell then till two."

At two o'clock Madlle. M.— was at the place of assignation. Punctually Fouquier-Tinville appeared; offered his arm to the beautiful suppliant, sheltered her with his umbrella, as it was beginning to rain, and led her away. On their road they passed the guillotine. The purveyor of the guillotine felt his companion's arm tremble, and perhaps he himself shuddered.

They reached the *restaurant*, *Gros Caillou*. The public accuser ordered dinner in a private *cabinet*, and half-frightened, half-trusting, the Antigone of Nantes accompanied him thither.

Dinner was served, but little honour was done, to the artist's skill. The heart of the Jacobin was shaken by an unwonted struggle, and one of its effects was to make him, most unexpectedly, as timid as his intended victim. Once, at table, Madlle. M.—'s hand touched Fouquier-Tinville's. Both trembled alike.

Not a word, not a gesture, had awokened in the maiden a suspicion of aught unseemly, when suddenly her companion, throwing down his napkin, said in kindly accents, "Citizeness, I am at your command."

He led her down stairs, paid the bill, gave her his arm, put up the umbrella, and they retraced their steps. As they passed the instrument of death, he dragged his still trembling companion as far from it as possible, and they proceeded.

Upon reaching the terrace where they had met, he drew several folded papers from his pocket, presented them to Madlle. M.—, and said in tones of emotion, "Here, Mademoiselle, are the requisite orders for transferring the sick Nantais prisoners to hospitals. They owe this favour to you, and, God be thanked! you may tell them so without a blush. It is a victory gained by your candid innocence; and I feel I can be happy in your escape. Farewell."

Ere Madlle. M.— could speak her gratitude, he was gone. But she poured it forth in a letter, trans-

mited that same evening. It is said that Fouquier-Tinville became thenceforward less prodigal of blood; and that, during the exercise of his odious function, he was occasionally seen to draw forth a letter, look at it, and become more placable.—[This we confess is rather too sentimental for our powers of belief.]

When she returned to Nantes, Madlle. M.— was questioned respecting her feelings towards the formidable Terrorist, and I am assured that her answer was this:—"The first time I accosted a functionary of such dreadful celebrity, I thought I saw a hyena before me. The day after he had rendered me such a service, and with such delicacy, if he had asked my hand, I should have given it, not only without reluctance, but eagerly—perhaps with pleasure."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Uncle Horace, by the author of "Sketches of Irish Character," &c. 3 vols.—We have, more than once, recorded our opinion that Mrs. Hall is most successful in her short stories. "Uncle Horace," however, is more to our taste than her last novel, "The Outlaw." The story turns on the kindly deeds of a rich, eccentric, benevolent Liverpool merchant, whose brother, having retired from business, settles in London with a beautiful wife and an admirable daughter, intending to live *en prince*, and to catch that hollowest of all bubbles success in fashionable society. His fortunes become involved by his extravagance, and, just before his death, they are further perplexed by the appearance of that mysterious foreigner (own cousin to Schédoni) who stalks, like Mephistopheles, through so many acres of print and paper, to the profit of the Minerva press. This dark Count D'Oraine has some mysterious and ill-defined claim on Mrs. Brown Lorton—a former marriage, only annulled by the proofs of a yet earlier matrimonial connexion. The shame and the dread of detection drive Mrs. Lorton mad, and the re-appearance of the Count also suspends and perils an engagement

of marriage between her daughter and the scion of a noble house. The influence of "Uncle Horace," however, and the adventures into which he falls, form the spell by which the web (further tangled by the desperate incidents of an abduction, a revenge, and a suicide), is finally unravelled. From what has been said, it may be divined that there is a preponderance of melo-drama in this tale; too large an allowance of whiskered deceivers and solitary cottages, of pistol and stiletto work, for a story which vibrates between Belgrave Square and Liverpool Change. The spirit of the tale, however, is pure and amiable throughout.

The Peel Banquet at Glasgow.—A quarto volume containing full particulars of the election, inauguration, the address, speeches, with list of names of those who attended the festival, and plans, &c., of the banqueting-hall, drawn up by Dr. Cleland.

List of New Books.—Reid's *Atlas of Modern Geography*, 8vo. 7s. hf.-bd.—*Bonnet's Guide to French Pronunciation*, 12mo. 3s. bd.—*Encyclopædia Britannica*, 7th edit. Vol. XV. Part II. folio. 18s. bd.—*Russell's Modern Europe*, new edit. brought down to 1837. 4 vols. 8vo. 24. 12s. bds.—*Sketches in Prose and Poetry*, by K. H. fc. 10s. cl.—*Britton's Lincoln Cathedral*, 16 plates, medium. 4to. 11. 5s. royal 4to. 11. 11s. 6d. cl.—*Westwood's Enlarged Edition of Drury's Exotic Entomology*, 3 vols. 4to. 6s. 16s. hf.-bd.—*Fulford's Plain Sermons*, with Preface, 8vo. 9s. bds.—*Weale's Select Letters*, with memoir, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Jackson's Lives of Early Methodist Preachers*, Vol. I. 12mo. 5s. cl.—*Jackson's Library of Christian Biography*, 18mo. Vol. I. (Watts.) 5s. cl.—*Lardner's Cyclopaedia*, Vol. XCIV. (Domestic Economy, Vol. II.) fc. 6s. cl.—*Early Lessons on Moral and Religious Duties*, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Aiston's Gospel of Saint Matthew for the Blind*, 4to. 5s. 6d. bds.—*Aiston's Gospel of Saint Mark for the Blind*, 4to. 4s. 6d. bds.—*Tyler's Shooter's Manual*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—*List of Queen Victoria's First Parliament*, 18mo. 6d. swd.—*Foster's Law of Wills Amendment Act*, 12mo. 2s. bds.—*The Law of Bills of Exchange*, &c. by C. W. Johnson, 12mo. 7s. bds.—*Mrs. Frazer's Practice of Cookery*, 12mo. 4s. cl.—*Low's List of the House of Commons*, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—*Sequel to Porquer's Tricor*, new edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—*Bateman's Orchids of Mexico and Guatemala*, Part I. folio, col. plates, 2s. 2s. swd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR AUGUST.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY AT THE APARTMENTS OF
THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1837. AUG.	9 o'clock, A.M.				3 o'clock, P.M.				External Thermometers.				9 A.M. 9 P.M. Lowest Highest	9 A.M. 9 P.M. Rise in Inches Rise in Mm.	Direction of Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.								
	Barometer uncorrected.		Barometer uncorrected.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering																	
	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.	Att. Ther.	Att. Ther.	Diff. of Wet and Dry Bulb.	Thermometer.																
● T 1	29.752	29.746	64.3	29.698	29.692	64.9	58	05.1	59.7	60.2	56.9	70.0	.036	SE	Overcast—light rain and wind throughout the day. Ev. High wind.									
W 2	29.694	29.688	64.7	29.672	29.666	67.4	60	04.2	64.5	68.2	57.4	64.8	.422	S var.	Overcast—light rain with high wind nearly all the day. Evening.									
T 3	29.716	29.712	69.2	29.708	29.702	68.5	61	05.1	65.0	68.7	59.9	71.0	.033	S var.	A.M. Cloudy—light rain and wind.									
F 4	29.896	29.892	68.2	29.948	29.944	68.0	60	07.0	64.3	68.3	57.2	69.5	.080	SW	A.M. Cloudy—light rain and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds.									
S 5	30.182	30.176	67.5	30.194	30.186	66.3	56	08.8	61.3	65.3	52.2	69.3	.375	SW	A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. Evening, Overcast, occasional showers.									
○ G 6	30.266	30.258	66.8	30.250	30.246	66.0	55	06.9	60.7	66.0	52.0	66.0		E	Fine—light clouds and wind throughout the day. Evening, Cloudy.									
M 7	30.356	30.350	62.0	30.372	30.368	64.3	57	05.5	60.8	64.3	53.2	66.3		E	Overcast—light rain throughout the day. Evening, Cloudy.									
T 8	30.396	30.392	65.5	30.338	30.332	64.5	55	08.0	61.7	65.8	51.5	65.6		NE	{ A.M. Cloudy—light brisk wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.									
W 9	30.142	30.136	67.2	30.032	30.024	65.2	57	06.8	62.9	69.8	54.0	66.4		NE var.	{ Evening, Overcast.									
T 10	29.968	29.962	63.3	29.916	29.910	66.2	59	04.6	62.0	72.0	57.3	70.2		E	{ Evening, Overcast.									
F 11	29.884	29.878	65.8	29.916	29.908	67.8	61	05.7	65.2	71.4	61.3	72.0		NE	{ Evening, Overcast.									
S 12	30.016	30.010	68.0	29.994	29.988	68.6	61	06.1	65.3	72.5	60.3	72.0		NNW	{ A.M. Overcast—light breeze. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.									
○ 13	30.160	30.154	66.2	30.172	30.165	68.5	60	05.6	63.4	74.5	56.9	73.4		SW	{ Evening, Overcast.									
M 14	30.286	30.282	70.3	30.258	30.252	70.2	61	07.5	68.3	75.4	59.6	74.6		S	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds—brisk wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.									
T 15	30.278	30.274	71.0	30.210	30.204	70.6	60	07.2	65.0	73.3	56.5	77.0		E	{ A.M. Overcast—light breeze. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.									
○ W 16	30.140	30.132	67.3	30.068	30.064	69.7	61	04.8	65.2	69.4	58.5	75.0		E	{ Evening, Overcast.									
T 17	30.044	30.038	68.5	30.010	30.006	71.5	66	02.8	67.5	75.8	62.5	74.0	.022	SW	{ A.M. Overcast. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, Fine and clear.									
F 18	30.160	30.156	69.0	30.162	30.158	72.0	65	05.5	65.5	76.2	62.2	78.8	.008	SW	{ A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds.									
S 19	30.126	30.122	72.0	30.022	30.018	73.0	66	04.0	67.5	76.4	63.3	76.8		NNW	{ Overcast—light wind throughout the day. Evening, Fine—light clouds and wind.									
○ 20	29.938	29.934	80.2	29.954	29.950	74.0	68	06.4	70.7	73.4	63.5	77.5		SW var.	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Cloudy—brisk wind.									
M 21	30.100	30.096	70.0	30.086	30.082	72.2	65	07.1	67.3	72.0	61.0	75.0		SSW	{ Overcast—brisk wind throughout the day. Ev. Cloudy—light rain.									
T 22	30.172	30.168	70.0	30.150	30.146	71.0	67	07.0	67.5	72.5	59.0	73.5		W	{ A.M. Cloudy—brisk wind. P.M. Overcast. Evening, Heavy shower.									
W 23	30.054	30.050	69.2	30.042	30.038	71.0	65	04.0	65.8	71.0	65.2	73.6	.444	N	{ Overcast—light rain nearly the whole of the day. Ev. Heavy rain.									
T 24	30.212	30.208	63.5	30.204	30.200	66.5	52	05.7	56.8	63.2	55.0	71.9	.638	E	{ A.M. Overcast. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.									
F 25	30.228	30.224	62.0	30.148	30.146	64.0	57	05.0	58.5	66.0	50.4	63.3		SSW	{ A.M. Overcast—distant thunder and lightning—heavy rain. P.M. Overcast—heavy rain.									
S 26	29.888	29.884	62.7	29.854	29.850	64.5	62	05.0	64.5	64.6	56.0	67.0	.022	E	{ Overcast—light clouds—brisk wind nearly the whole of the day.									
○ 27	30.180	30.176	64.3	30.190	30.186	62.0	50	02.7	53.5	59.9	48.5	72.7	.763	E	{ Fine—light clouds—brisk wind nearly the whole of the day.									
M 28	30.044	30.040	62.0	29.878	29.874	63.0	54	05.2	58.5	62.8	49.7	60.0		NE	{ A.M. Cloudy. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, Overcast.									
T 29	29.504	29.500	60.0	29.460	29.456	61.0	54	00.8	55.5	59.4	53.2	65.5	.116	NNW	{ Overcast—light rain throughout the day.									
W 30	29.402	29.398	59.0	29.478	29.476	60.3	55	01.5	54.4	57.4	52.6	59.5	.002	SSW	{ Overcast—with occasional showers. Evening, Overcast—thunder and lightning.									
T 31	29.456	29.450	60.8	29.414	29.408	60.5	54	02.4	56.4	62.2	49.2	59.3	.041	MEAN..	Sum. Mean Barometer corrected 30.021 30.016 66.5 29.993 29.989 67.2 59.7 05.7 62.7 68.3 56.6 70.0 3.602 9 A.M. 3 P.M. F. 29.923 .. 29.924 C. 20.917 .. 29.929									

ORIGINAL PAPERS

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Hyderabad, on the Indus, 1st March, 1837.

"This morning, at sunrise, I, for the first time, laved my head and beard in the limpid wave of the Indus, whose classic stream limited the conquests of Philip's 'warlike son'—on whose tranquil bosom proudly glided the victorious fleet of Nearchus; but I spare you all this—is it not written in the books of every traveller? Historical accuracy, however, compels me to avow, that as far as regards the *limpidity* of the stream, I hesitated much whether washing in it would make me cleaner or dirtier; in fact, it was rather watery mud than muddy water.

"I am travelling all alone, and being detained here until I receive the Ameer's permission to proceed further, and presuming that you have not many correspondents in the Sindian dominions, I hope this letter will be welcome as a rarity, and shall proceed, therefore, to report progress as far as hitherto made.

"My outset was most ominously unfortunate: a dreadful typhoon struck the native boat in which I was embarked off the mouths of the Indus. For three days and nights we had to run before it, constantly washed over by the waves, until my poor Hindoo servants had nearly perished from the cold, and my horses from hunger, the salt water having speedily rendered their grass uneatable. Our sail was shivered into ribbons, and the boat itself rolled to such a degree, while we were rigging out a new one, that our mast started, and was very near going by the board. Then when we did get into Kurachee, (a port about 40 miles beyond the westernmost mouth of the Indus,) wet, and hungry, and miserable, without provisions, and exposed to a pelting shower, which made my cabin like a draw-well, and myself like a bucket at the bottom of it, a rascally Nuwaub refused to allow me to land, and actually kept me there six days, under one pretence or another; until at last I rigged out our small boat, and sent him word that I was coming to pay him a visit, which ceremony (he never having seen a Feringee,) so frightened him, that he sent off his brother with six Indian soldiers, who, remaining alongside the boat all night, landed me early in the morning, upon the express conditions that I was not to attempt entering their town, but to proceed immediately on my journey. With these conditions I was obliged to comply, and, having sat on the beach until camels could be procured, I hastily packed up my baggage, and started towards Tatta, about three in the afternoon, making my first march, of about ten miles, to the side of a hill, where I spent the night, as I have all succeeding ones, under a bush, having first passed an hour with my camel-drivers and sipeehes, smoking my cheroot to their hookah, squatting round a fire, and listening to the not unpleasant music which one of them made with a little star that, with his ponderous matchlock, he had brought slung over his shoulder.

"I do not at all wonder that, the model of patience was to be found in the East, for there can be no finer lesson in that virtue than travelling with a Cafila. I have now been in the saddle ten hours together, and, in that time, have not gone more than about eighteen or twenty miles!—the longest day's march I have, as yet, been able to accomplish. Anything so intolerably tedious as the pace of a loaded camel you cannot conceive, unless it be the motions of the camel-drivers in loading them. Rise as early as I will, it is sure to be eleven or twelve o'clock before I can get the Cafila to start; and then we have not gone half an hour, before some camel spills his load, or the boxes hang to one side or the other, or too much forward or backwards, and we have all to halt until this is set right. Then the roads are the dreariest things in creation; nothing but sand, salt, and tamarisk bushes, with here and there an ambitious-looking babool, like a broomstick, with the broom end upwards, and almost so high, that a camel need not stoop to it. Beyond Tatta, the roads were a little better, as they skirted a magnificent hunting-park of the Meers, which ran along the banks of the Indus for ten or twelve miles, between Tatta and Hilaiya, where I halted under a good-sized acacia tree.

"In Tatta I found the Nuwaub altogether as civil as the Kurachee Nuwaub had been the reverse. On receiving news of my approach, he sent out two men

to conduct me to the place he had appointed for my residence—a fine Moorish-looking old mansion, formerly evidently of considerable extent and magnificence, as its carefully-carved and gilded cornices, its pillars and spacious court-yard demonstrated, though now sorely frayed by time, and dilapidated by age and the weather. On entering the city gates, I was presented with handfuls of roses, and, on dismounting, was waited on by the Nuwaub's Dewan and Jemadar (his chief civil and military officers), bearing their master's salam and apologies for not calling on me that evening on account of the cold, but promising to visit me early next day. They also begged me to consider the city as my own, and to give them my orders for anything I might require, which they assured me were *be chem* (on their eyes) they would provide.

"Next day, the Nuwaub himself came—a really fine specimen of an Oriental gentleman. He had travelled in Persia and Khorassan, visited Bombay, where he had been received by Sir John Malcolm, had been on more than one occasion Mehdandar to Col. Pottinger and other Europeans, who had come here on official missions, and spoke Hindoo-stance so freely, that he and I were able to make out very agreeable half hour's conversation.

"The city of Tatta was, some years since, visited by the plague, which carried off a great number of its inhabitants, and reduced it to a state of desolation, from which it never has recovered; still, when viewed by the European traveller from the little hill to the west—from which it first meets the eye—it's square-terraced houses, its mosques with their domes and minarets intermingled with the dark mango, the graceful acacia, and the stately palm, give it an air of strength, of beauty, and even of grandeur, which is scarce dispelled till you find yourself treading amidst mouldering houses and deserted streets.

"From Tatta here I made three days' march, or rather on the third day (my march having been retarded by heavy rain all the morning,) I reached the banks of the Indus, about two miles below Hyderabad, and, resting there for the night, crossed the river this morning at sunrise, in a sort of ferry-boat. On reporting my arrival, through the Wuzer Ahmed Khan, to the Meers, they sent their Dewan to welcome me, and to give orders that supplies of meat, ghee, flour, rice, grain, and grass, for myself, my servants, and horses, should be supplied to me during my stay. I was for declining this piece of hospitality, but the Dewan said it was the Meers' positive orders, and I was obliged to submit. I have been invited to appear to-morrow in the 'presence full of light' of the chief Meer, Noor Mahomed Khan; of my reception I shall tell you in a future letter."

SEMIASSO (PRINCE PUCKLER MUSKAU) IN EGYPT.

Departure from Candia—Storm—Alexandria—The Egyptian Fleet.

A golden fiery sun shone on the first day of the new year 1837—a warm, balsamic air hovered over the deeply agitated bosom of the sea—but black clouds traversed the sky and eclipsed from time to time the glorious orb of day. Mount Ida, in Candia, rose in unrivaled splendour, clothed, by a fall of snow during the night, in a dazzling mantle of unsullied white, which was relieved by the dark jagged ridges of the rocks and mountains around it. We glided lightly over the watery mirror in the convenient felucca, and approached the Semendi-dschad brig, belonging to the Viceroy of Egypt, which was waiting for me in a desolate creek of the island of Dia, and now welcomed me with a salute from its guns. This little brig is historically interesting, for it was on board her that Osman Pasha, the viceroy's ungrateful favourite, fled to Constantinople to the Sultan. I went on board with my few attendants and (with the exception of one of my servants who is a German) was in a few moments the only European among some hundred Candiots, Arabs, Turks, and Negroes, men of strange countenances, and, for the most part, speaking languages to me unintelligible. But every one exerted himself to show his devotedness to me. The captain's cabin, furnished with every necessary convenience, was politely given

† The officer appointed by the native princes to entertain ambassadors or other visitors of high rank.

up to me, by order of Mustapha Pasha, and everything promised a most agreeable passage across the Libyan Sea. However, I was not to come off so cheaply. Towards evening we encountered a sea agitated by the violent south winds of the preceding week, which beat furiously against us, imparting to the ship a most unpleasant motion, and in the darkness of the night a violent storm suddenly arose. In an instant all my well-arranged tables, with papers, books, bottles, and glasses, were upset with a terrible crash, and, almost at the same moment, a cask rolled over the skylight of my sleeping cabin, which fell in a thousand fragments upon my bed. Amidst the continued and horrible rolling of the brig, over which the waves frequently dashed, it was in vain to think of collecting my scattered effects—besides, all my people were already labouring so severely under seasickness that I did not get a sight of one of them during the two days and nights for which this storm continued with unabated fury. Had not a negro, from Sennaar, taken pity on me, I should have had no assistance whatever, for neither the captain, who was said to be likewise sea-sick, nor any of the crew was to be seen. There appeared, besides, to be much confusion in the management of the ship, and all the evolutions were executed with a degree of noise and a slowness not usual in ships of war, so that if I had seen only this brig of Mehemet Ali's fleet, I should have formed a very incorrect idea of it. As for myself, in the midst of the chaos, nothing was to be done but to have patience, and leave it to my broken and scattered efforts to roll about till they had settled themselves. In this situation I passed fifty hours, with Turkish phlegm, not much affected by the disorder itself, but unable to move, and with difficulty performing the feat of drinking, without spilling half of it on the bed, a cup of broth which the negro, balancing himself like a rope-dancer, brought me, or the pulling to pieces with my fingers a morsel of lean muttoo, not to go wholly without the necessary sustenance. At length, on the third day, when we were still proceeding under close-reefed sails, even-lying to the wind (in spite of which we had advanced on an average five or six miles in an hour), the storm abated, the sea grew calmer, and I learned, with great joy, from one of my servants who had come to life again, that the Bay of Aboukir was in sight, and the arsenal of Alexandria already visible in the horizon. Though still stupefied and tormented by violent head-ache, I hastily threw on my cloak and got upon deck. The ash-grey waves still rose to the very edge of the ship, which was tossed up and down, but not to such an intolerable degree as before, and the sight of the sea, already tinged by the waters of the Nile, the sight of Egypt, so long the object of my wishes, soon made me forget all my sufferings. In a few hours more the proud city of the immortal Macedonian lay before me, with all its thousand romantic recollections, born anew, through a new Macedonian hero, placed between the desert and the sea, half Oriental half European, rising in splendour out of the sea, and, like a *Fata Morgana*, enthroned above flat sandy shores, which are scarcely discernible behind the booming waves; without any visible bases, and as it were floating in the air, you see white palaces, green palm-groves, the lofty pillar of Pompey, and before it a forest of masts, extending from one end of the noble harbour to the other. A Fort occupies the site of the celebrated Pharos, and the extensive residence of the Viceroy separates the new from the old harbour, which have now exchanged their names, for the old harbour is the only one that is used, and the new one, as it is called, has no ships, and is choked up with sand.

The entire prospect was in a high degree striking by its novelty; the nearer we approached, the more extraordinary did the scene appear; above all, the appearance of the fleet,—this work of eight years in the hands of a creative genius. It was the beginning of the Bairam, and ten ships of the line of above a hundred guns, five frigates of above fifty guns, and twenty corvettes and brigs, ranged in long lines and decorated from the mast-head down to the deck with the flags of all nations, presented a sight such as I had never before beheld. But scarcely had the pilot conducted us through the narrow entrance, when all the forts and all the ships opened a fire, which gave a complete idea of a naval battle. In a few seconds all the palaces and ships and the sea it-

self vanished from our eyes; thick volumes of smoke filled the atmosphere; nothing was visible but the red lightnings of the artillery, nothing audible but its astounding thunder. The spirit of the man who here bears sway seemed to float over the waters to announce itself in all its greatness and power. It was a soul-elevating feeling—a glorious reception at the entrance of the mysterious land that lay before me; and I thanked my stars that, after many struggles, they had brought me hither.

Landing in Alexandria—Besson and Bogos Bey.

We had just anchored when the commander of the fleet, Besson Bey, was announced, who being informed by the Seraskier of my arrival, most obligingly offered me apartments in his hotel in the new Ibrahim Square, and at the same time told me that as soon as I was ready his carriage would be on the beach. This Frenchman, who is highly honoured by Mehemet Ali, and the very life and soul of the Egyptian navy, is the very same Captain Besson, formerly of the French navy, who offered Napoleon, when at Rochefort, to convey him to America, and who, when the latter, in spite of Besson's urgent entreaties, persisted in the resolution, which proved so disastrous to him, of committing himself to the generosity of the English, sailed to America *and did not fall in with a single enemy's ship!* When I landed, about an hour afterwards, on the new quay, and without being at all incommoded by the impudent offers of service of the populace, which is so troublesome for instance in Algiers and several of our sea-ports, I found there an elegant English carriage drawn by two Arabian horses, and several gigantic camels to convey my effects. Well pleased at finding myself again on *terra firma*, I sprang into the britschka and rolled rapidly through the narrow streets of the still oriental part of the city, with its motley and dirty crowd, its red, green, and white soldiers with their shining arms, and, as a late traveller very aptly says, with its strata of stench and perfume. So I came to the quarter of the Franks, the cleanly, handsome appearance of which, and its palaces built entirely in the European style, would be an ornament to any city of our civilized quarter of the globe, though a portion of the ground on which they stand was but lately gained from the sea. Here are the residences of all the foreign consuls, whose flags being hoisted on account of the Bairam, added to the festive appearance of the whole: and the more so as all these flags, which are planted on the terraces at the top of the lofty houses, have light winding stairs to the tops of the staff from which the flags are flying. The amiable general received me in his hotel, assigned me an extensive suite of richly-furnished apartments on the first story, introduced me there to Mr. Roquerbes, the obliging Prussian consul, who, to my great satisfaction, lodges over me in the same house, and provided so kindly and so completely for all my wants, that I had nothing left to wish for. On the very next day the answer of the Viceroy to the letters sent to his Highness, arrived, on which Bogos Bey, the first and most confidential minister of Mehemet Ali, honoured me with a visit. Bogos Bey is by birth an Armenian and a Christian, who began his career as a Dragoon, but who, by his genius, his fidelity, and an extremely conciliating behaviour to everybody, has acquired the unbounded favour of his master, as well as the universal affection and esteem of both foreigners and natives. His manners are those of a man of the world, almost humble, but by no means without dignity, or without a sensible consciousness of his importance and of the influence which he enjoys. Once, only, and that a long time ago, it is said that, from some unknown cause, he provoked the anger of Mehemet Ali to such a degree that he ordered him to be put to death. M. Rosetti, the (Austrian) consul, saved him in a very singular way, and kept him concealed till the Pasha, who believed that his orders had been executed, manifested profound affliction at having lost a man who was indispensable to him. They now ventured to disclose the truth to Mehemet Ali, and from that time the confidence which he places in Bogos Bey has never been impaired. On the other hand the gratitude of the minister to his deliverer has been extended, since his death, to his family, and never wavered for a moment. All commercial affairs, all communications with the consuls, are directed by

Bogos Bey, and as the viceroy is still the only colossal merchant of his dominions, we may form an estimate of the extent of his sphere of action. He is now about sixty years of age, of a pleasing and mild demeanour, with penetrating eyes, full of fire and intelligence, almost incredibly laborious, and, as it is affirmed, a consummate diplomatist. Our conversation, which turned on many subjects, interested me extremely, and the friendly and flattering words, which he addressed to me from the Viceroy, could not but excite my warmest gratitude. During my stay at Alexandria I frequently saw him in his own house, and every visit confirmed the favourable opinion with which I was impressed at my first meeting with him; nay, in the sequel I had occasion to honour his liberal sentiments as much as I had previously had to admire the amenity of manners of a man who had never seen Europe. It is, besides, no more than my duty to testify my grateful sense of all the distinctions and marks of honour which I received by order of the Viceroy. Equipages and saddle horses belonging to his Highness were placed at my disposal; a guard of honour was sent to me, which I had much trouble to decline; when I visited the fleet I was saluted with the same politeness as at Malta and Candia, with fifteen guns, and every wish that I expressed was immediately fulfilled with the greatest readiness.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

The approaching meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science is regarded with even more than the usual interest attaching to these great periodical assemblies—not only because the experiment so earnestly desired by many of the early members—that of holding a Meeting “in some one of the large commercial cities”—is now to be fully tried, but also because the experience of former years has suggested some important modification of the plan of proceeding. There has never, we believe, been a doubt felt as to the really excellent fruits of the Morning Sectional Meetings, at which papers deemed likely to contribute to the advancement of Science have been freely and candidly discussed by those who are the most capable of eliciting the truth, or exposing the error of every communication; but this general satisfaction has not been felt with regard to the Evening Meetings, which, among their other uses, were supposed to have the effect of *disfusing*, among the general body of the members, some part of the treasures of knowledge collected and purified in each Section.

To accomplish this well, has been hitherto found nearly impossible—time could not be spared from more valuable labours to methodize and bring within compass the voluminous official reports of the Sections—no zeal could carry the officers through the endless fatigue which the preparation and production of these reports, in addition to their other duties, imposed—and seldom have we been so fortunate as to hear the oration in which the substance of these documents was embodied.

This, we are informed, is now to be remedied, by an entire change of plan. The Evening Meetings, it is understood, will be of another kind, and for other objects. The great want of opportunity for cultivating mutual acquaintance, and enjoying friendly discussion—a desideratum felt with increased force at every Meeting succeeding the embryo sitting at York—will be met by devoting at least two evenings to a pleasurable Promenade and Conversazione in the magnificent apartments of the Town Hall, which the Mayor and Council have most liberally placed at the disposal of the Association. On the other evenings, the Amphitheatre, we believe, will be opened for business, reading the Secretary's Address, one or two chosen lectures, &c. Thus, the evenings may offer an agreeable relaxation after the morning work—the men of abstract and practical knowledge may be mingled together, and both brought into friendly intercourse with those numerous friends of the Association who attend the Meetings to gather knowledge, and those whom they esteem as the leaders of science. Thus the unity of the body will be more securely maintained, and its power of giving a right direction in the pursuit of knowledge be augmented.

The ready access to Liverpool by steam convey-

ance by land and sea, appear to guarantee a large influx even of distant members. Among the distinguished foreigners who are expected to join this Meeting, we have heard the names of M. Gay-Lussac, M. de la Rive, M. E. de Verneuil, M. Fresnel, jun., &c. No one can doubt that the reception of their numerous visitors by the opulent, spirited inhabitants of this Emporium of Commerce, will be commensurate with the hospitality displayed on previous occasions. The Royal Medical and Mechanics' Institutions are as admirably adapted for the Sectional Meetings, as are the Town Hall and Amphitheatre for the Evening Assemblies.

It is arranged, that on or after the 4th of September, the Town Hall, which is contiguous to the quays and streets of business, shall be the place of resort for strangers, who will there receive their tickets and programmes, and all the usual information as to lodgings, excursions, ordinaries, &c. The delivery of the tickets will be greatly facilitated on this occasion, by employing the distinction of Life Members and Annual Subscribers, who have been furnished with blue and white circulars, for the purpose of expediting this part of the arrangement.

The preliminary business of the Council and General Committee being dispatched in the previous week, at the Athenæum, the several Committees and Sections will meet in the morning of Monday, the 11th of September, in spacious theatres, in the following four places, which are situated within five minutes walk of one another:—

A. Mathematical and } MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,	Mount Street.
B. Chemical Science ..	
C. Geology, &c.	Ditto.
G. Mechanical Science ..	
D. Zoology and Botany { ROYAL INSTITUTION, Colquitt Street.	Street.
F. Statistics	
E. Medical Science .. { MEDICAL INSTITUTION, Mount Pleasant.	Model Room MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.
Ordinary	
Evening Meetings AMPHITHEATRE { Capable of holding 2000 Promenades TOWN HALL { or 3000 easily.	LUCAS'S ROOMS, capable of holding 600 persons.

The Athenæum, Lyceum, Exchange Rooms, and a great variety of public and private establishments, will be open to members; a steam-boat has been placed at the disposal of the Meeting; excursions to the Salt Mines, Northwich, to the plate glass establishment of St. Helen's, the Aviary at Knowsley, &c., are talked of, though we think it likely that the absorbing interest of the Sectional proceedings will keep most of the members to their post. Before and after the Meeting, indeed, very pleasant trips may be made to the Isle of Man, &c.

We have just received from America the Annual Report of the Regents of the University, presented to the legislature on the 1st of March last. It is, of course, identical in character with the Report for 1835, noticed heretofore at some length in the *Athenæum* (No. 460); but it is, to us, even more interesting, as showing the general results of the experience of the past year, and the consequent changes and alterations introduced into the different schools. As it was decided at Bristol that a Committee on Education should meet at Liverpool, simultaneously with the British Association, we will take care that this Report, so obligingly forwarded to us, shall be transmitted thither, for the information of the members. Further, then, we need only to observe, that the Report is accompanied, as heretofore, by meteorological observations made at the several academies—by many valuable miscellaneous observations on atmospheric phenomena, the progress of vegetation, &c.; and with the hourly observations made at different places on the 21st and 22nd of December, in compliance with the suggestion of Sir J. F. W. Herschel. In reference to this subject, Sir John has addressed a letter of thanks to the Secretary of the Albany Institute, from which the following is an extract:—

“I have just received, through the favour of the Secretary of the Royal Society, the meteorological ob-

servations made at the Albany Institute on the 21st and 22nd of December, 1835. I am truly rejoiced to find this readiness of co-operation at a station of so much importance. • • We will indulge the hope that they will be continued on succeeding occasions, and communicated in like manner, and I have no doubt when one or two years' observations shall have thus accumulated from the now numerous and continually increasing stations which have placed themselves in correspondence with us, that from their comparison, results of a general and important nature will not fail to arise.

" Permit me to suggest, that in continuing the observations until an opportunity shall occur of ascertaining by direct or intermediate comparison with some standard of authority, the zero point of the barometer, (or by instituting some direct inquiry into the absolute length of the mercurial column, by actual measurement,) it would be desirable that the same instrument should be employed, (unless there be reason to fear that in transporting it from its usual place its zero should change,) and that any opportunity which may occur of comparing it with other barometers should be seized.

" In addition to the observations heretofore made, that of the temperature of the soil at 6 or 8 feet below the surface, or of the water at the bottom of a deep well, which would give very little additional trouble—as one or two observations on each day would suffice—would be valuable as leading by the shortest course to a knowledge of the mean temperature of the station."

In another part of our paper will be found a translation from the first of a series, we presume, of letters addressed by Prince Pückler Muskau to the editor of the *Augsburg Gazette*, on the present state of Egypt. The Prince is a warm admirer of Mohammed Ali, by whom he has been received and entertained with extraordinary munificence. Subsequent letters, on "The Fellahs," and on "The Navy of Mohammed Ali," will, if we have room, appear next week; but how far we shall proceed in our translations must depend on the novelty and interest of the subjects treated. We also publish a letter from a friend travelling on the Indus. As he observes, it will not be the less welcome for its rarity, few even of our broad-sheet brethren having a correspondent in Sind. We have only to add a trifle in the way of—

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR EDITOR,

While you are toiling,
Beneath an August sunshine broiling;—
While more than twenty dog-star rules,
And not e'en cucumbers are cool;
While butter melts, small beer turns sour,
And droops the benu-pot's withering flow'r;—
While turbot's flabby, ven' son high,
While corks from gooseberry champagne fly,
With sharp report like musket shot,
And Gunter's very ice is hot;—
While diners out, in close-wedged seat,
With scanty room to mop, or eat,
Thaw and dissolve,—till men might deem
Twas some new mode to dine by steam;—
While nightly routs, though thinned, are but a
Type of the black-holes in Calcutta;—
While Opera belles, in rows uneasy,
Think themselves each a little Grisi,
Or, stowed in box, the panting fair
Deems Costa's music wants more air;—
Here, wiser, I enjoy the breeze,
The cooling rill, the shading trees,
With all the country's best delights,
In sauntering days, its dreamless nights,
It bacon, chickens, peas, potatys.
It *estum cum dignitate*:

And having on my hands a plenty
Of rural *dodes far niente*,
How can your friends bestow it better,
Than by inditing you this letter?
Jaded, unnerved, each spring let down,
I took a hasty leave of town,
White as a sheet, sad as a ghost,
Much thinner than a whipping post;
And, ere I melted quite away,
To Tonbridge bent my willing way;—
Or, as the Roman poet tells,
"Gave one more subject to" the Wells.
"Oh thou!" in elbow chair enshrin'd,
To editorial tasks confined,
Cutting pretenders up by dozens,
As wise men cut their country cousins,—
Cousins, whod be much dearer loved
If they were only once removed;—
But let that pass: while you, all day,
Your Ajax Mastigoph'rous play,
Now, 'gainst intriguing authors huffing,
Now against bibliophilic puffing,

And catering for your weekly talk,
Can scarce allow yourself a walk,
How shall I make you understand,
The pleasures mortals here command?
So horse, in miser's paddock born,
Has but a queer idea of corn.

It has been said by some grave sage,
We've fallen upon an iron age;
Since most things formed for use or trade
Are of that plastic metal made;
While deals and oaks, no longer needed,
Are likely to be superseded.
But Tonbridge, by a fate so rare,
Though famous for its wooden ware,
Outdoes w'en Birmingham's outdoings,
Maugre its hammerings, foundings, screwings,
For Brummie placed upon the slips
(Its greatest wonder,) iron ships;—
While Tonbridge boats, within its quarter,
(More wondrous still!) its iron water!
Twas this same water (to a fraction)
That, by a natural attraction,
Drew for a century its votaries
From racing, hunting, shooting, boateries,
To colonize each Hebron mount;†
And quaff the salutary fount.
Twas thus our Charlie the Second's wife
Sought the case-hardening well of life,
In hopes the bubbling waters, there,
Might help her to a son and heir.
Had she succeeded in her plan,
The boy had proved an iron man!
Here, too, came Anne, with like intent,
On cutting off the Georges' bent;
In vain th' enchanted well she tried,
For conscious fate the bon denied,
Preparing glories, then foreseen,
The triumphs of a virgin Queen!

Twas thus that Tonbridge had its gay days,
And long overflowed with lords and ladies;
But Fortune's dominating passion
Is, and was ever, change of fashion.
She, a' her wheel she trundled right on,
From Tonbridge bore her fools to Brighton;
Leaving the Pantiles to the few,
Who health, and health alone, pursue;
And now,—"his occupation gone,"
Nash, in his glory's left alone.
For ever thus, the hair-brained gods
Merit and fortune set at odds;
But Tonbridge, though much less the mode,
Is still Hygeia's loved abode;
In nature's beauteous features dressed,
By the south's softest airs caressed,
With Tonbridge near, who'd care one farden
For Spa, or Aix, or Baden-Baden,
Encountering land and water troubles,
To test the German Brunnen's bubbles?
Like certain folks, whom you and I know,
Who up the Rhine (and down with rhino,)
Steeamed it along, from dawn to dark,
While care sat mounted on their bark,
And drugged with double sour the wine,
To rack their insides, as they dined.

But I must pause: the narrowing paper
Warns me my space is growing taper;
So (*verbam sat.*), no further room.
Health may be found much nearer home;
Cross not the Channel to Ostend,
Your lagging pulse's pace to mend;
Quodcumque ostend-is to me sic,
Makes me, like Horace, very (sea) sick.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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CLINICAL MEDICINE—Dr. Macleod and Dr. Seymour.

CLINICAL SURGERY—Sir B. C. Brodie, Bart., Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. Babington.

MATERIA MEDICA—Dr. Seymour and Dr. Macleod.

MIDWIFERY—Dr. Robert Lee.

MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE—Dr. Hope and Dr. Lee.

BOTANY—Dr. Robert Dickson.

ANATOMY—Dr. John Johnson.

Demonstrations of PRACTICAL ANATOMY, with Dissections—Mr. H. J. Johnson and Mr. Henry Charles Johnson.

CHEMISTRY—At the Royal Institution)—Mr. Brand and Mr. Faraday.

The Introductory Address on the Opening of the Hospital School for the Session, will be delivered by Dr. Seymour, on Monday, October 2nd, at 1 o'clock, p.m. in the Theatre of the Hospital.

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7, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, Sept. 2, 1837.

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